Mrs. James H. Chesnutt

THE LYRIC SOUTH

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THE LYRIC SOUTH

An Anthology of Recent Poetry from the South

EDITED BY

ADDISON HIBBARD

NEW YORK
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1929

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TO THE POETS

WHOSE VOLUME THIS IS

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I have fought no mighty fight,
I have not affronted Fate:
I have kept no fire alight
Pale within no temple-gate.

I have not done anything
That is noble, brave or true;
Nay, I cannot even sing
Rondels beautiful or new.

I have not been worth my bread.
Yet thus much I beg in fee,
When I lie among the dead
Folk may murmur this o' me:

"Here lies one within the tomb—
Pencil stilled and parchment furled—
Who was somewhat overcome
By the beauty of the world."

JOHN MCCLURE.

PREFACE

The compiler adding another volume to the numerous collections of verse appearing in America must offer some explanation for his presumption, some justification for yet another anthology. My temerity finds its explanation in two facts: first, that no representative collection of verse from the Southern states has been made in many years; and, second, in the past so much has appeared from the South based on local pride and sectionalism that the anthologist who will break away from this point of view and consider verse more on its merits and less on the poet's kinship or political service is sadly needed. So much I hope to accomplish in "The Lyric South."

That the sectional element may be minimized, a single purpose has been kept in mind—to include only the best of that work which, in a very real sense, has grown out of the South. The phenomenon of a poet's birth in a certain locality I consider an act of providence rather than one reflecting the personal good taste of the poet; for that reason writers who happen to have been born in a Southern town but who have done a major part of their writing elsewhere—such men as Conrad Aiken, John Gould Fletcher, and Clement Wood, for example—are not considered properly within the scope of this volume despite whatever luster these names would add to the book. Acting on this same conviction, I have included the work of several poets who, born elsewhere, have adopted the South as their home or

made it their residence over a period of some years. Hervey Allen, to chose one of several included, is not at all a "Southern poet" in the sense that that term has been used in the past, but Mr. Allen's years in Charleston, his collaboration with DuBose Heyward, his part in the foundation of the Poetry Society of South Carolina (the one event most influential in the development of the "verse movement" in this section), and, finally, the element of local color and feeling in the poetry Mr. Allen wrote while he was a resident of the South, all demand his representation in an anthology based on anything but ancestral lineage.

Two or three other working principles should be stated. "The Lyric South" is a collection of recent verse; work published prior to 1915 (an approximate date for the Southern revival) is not included. Again, to rule out the thousand poetasters and one-poem versifiers, only those writers are considered who have published a volume of verse, though by no means are all who have sponsored volumes (often at their own expense) admitted. In eight or ten cases—I may mention such capable writers as Ellen M. Carroll, Julia Johnson Davis, Louis Gilmore, Josephine Johnson, and Allen Tate—this ruling has worked against what might be the best interests of the volume. But the anthology which would lay claim to catholicity as a virtue is likely to lose the rarer quality of discrimination and, on the whole, this method of slashing away underbrush has seemed essential and sound.

Some may raise objection to the title, "The Lyric South," on the ground that all poems included are by no means lyrical. Granted. The title means only this much—that characteristically poetry from this locality finds expression in the lyric form.

Contemporary in its interest, as little sectional as a book

based on a geographic division of the United States can hope to be, "The Lyric South" is an effort to show the new spirit characterizing the writing of poetry below what O. Henry was pleased to call the "Mason and Hamlin line." As such it must justify itself or fail.

A. H.

Chapel Hill, N. C.
September 1, 1927.

INTRODUCTION

The satire of O. Henry was perhaps never more apt than in his story of old-time Southern literary standards in *The Rose of Dixie.* The story bears obvious evidence that he was familiar with the South and the publications of the section in his day. *The Rose of Dixie,* you will remember, was "a publication devoted to the fostering and voicing of Southern genius" and had as its watchword: "Of, For, and By the South." Its editor was the genial Colonel Telfair, whose ambition it was so to conduct the magazine "that its fragrance and beauty would permeate the entire world, hurling back into the teeth of the Northern minions their belief that no genius or good could exist in the brains and hearts of the people whose property they had destroyed. . . ." If you recall O. Henry's dénouement, you know how Colonel Telfair, after long mental struggle, finally brought himself to print an article by a Northerner:

Written for
THE ROSE OF DIXIE

By
A Member of the Well-Known
BULLOCK FAMILY, OF GEORGIA

T. Roosevelt

"Of, For, and By the South." For too long Colonel Telfair's ideals characterized literary discussions and motives in this locality.

But Colonel Telfair is dead. Though it may be that in places and with certain individuals his spirit still shuffles on, it is with the creaking in joints and the lean and haggard countenance of a very wraith-like ghost. The fact of the colonel's decease may best be established by reference to a few recent volumes of prose from the South: Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground" and "The Romantic Comedians"; Frances Newman's "Hard-Boiled Virgin"; Elizabeth Madox Roberts' "Time of Man"; Paul Green's "In Abraham's Bosom." Surely in these books is no sentimental brief for Colonel Telfair's "Southland."

In poetry, though to a lesser degree, the same is true. The old order is changing. One may with some degree of veracity herald a sincere and genuine, conscious and yet fairly spontaneous movement in the South. While some readers know nothing since Lanier and stoutly persist in their championing of Timrod and Hayne, there is a forward-looking group of young men and women writing verse of a new day. These poets have discarded the sectional spirit and have put in its place something very much akin to art. In "The Lyric South" these young poets find representation; in it, too, one detects at times hints of the past.

The manifestations of this new movement are many. Poetry societies are literally booming. South Carolina and the Charleston group led off and have shown the way to other state groups in Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas. In Norfolk, Suffolk, Nashville, New Orleans, Winter Park, and other cities smaller and perhaps more unified organizations are actively writing verse and promulgating ideas. These city and state organizations, recognizing the value of an appreciation of poetry among the younger people, are doing much to develop an intelligent reading and writing of verse in the preparatory schools and

junior colleges. Several of the societies offer prizes for the best work of the youth of these schools. And the new interest is vitally related to the colleges. William and Mary College has been active in creating a state-wide poetry organization in Virginia; the members of the Fugitive group in Nashville were independent of, but vitally concerned with, Vanderbilt University; from Dallas, Texas, Southern Methodist University has conducted nation-wide contests and done much to promote a wide undergraduate interest in writing. The University of Virginia publishes much good verse in its *Quarterly Review*. In North Carolina two institutions, the state university and Duke, have established presses and are publishing a high standard of writing. In Rollins College, Florida, a "professorship of books" has been created. Six of the poets included in this anthology are actively engaged in teaching youth in our colleges: Karle Wilson Baker, Donald Davidson, Howard Mumford Jones, Richard Kirk, Cotton Noe, and John Crowe Ransom.

With all this interest what sort of verse is the South writing? Lyrics. And a very little more. The South still remembers Poe's hatred of the didactic heresy although it has generally forgotten his other critical tenets. In comparison with the poetry of the country as a whole, the product of the Southern poets strikes one as strangely satisfied with things as they are. It is, in a very real sense, a lyric South concerned with beauty and emotional ecstasy almost to the exclusion of anything like actuality.

But this is not to say that recent poetry from the South is characterless. There are, diverse as the various elements may be, certain qualities and interests which more or less run through the whole and give the tonal effect which marks the temperament of this new verse. I have said it was no longer sectional in a political sense and this I believe to be

true. But it is strongly imbued with local color and the legendary of the past. Texas prairies, North Carolina mountains and South Carolina lowlands, Virginia rivers, woods, and streams; trees, gardens, sometimes the Negro—these are the images and figures which most frequently are woven into the tapestry of the poet. Nature and the seasons' roll, the themes always of poets, are popular, too, in the South —but it is the nature of coastal islands and sand dunes, of mountains and marshes, and the roll of the seasons is that of the lower latitudes. One looking for characteristics to distinguish verse of the South from that of other sections will find those characteristics most frequently, I believe, in this very attitude toward legendary, toward local color, toward nature. There is little new, however, in this. It is largely in the tradition of Lanier, of Hayne, of Timrod.

The newer qualities of the movement impress themselves more definitely when we come to *genre* studies, to portraits of people. Now and then one finds a whimsical amusement at the foibles of a past generation, foibles which were once inherent mannerisms forced on a people by a code of conduct. These new poets, too, find interest in "the forgotten man," the mountaineer and poor white, which an earlier civilization found it convenient to scorn. Even the Negro is no longer merely a subject for a felicitous background; he steps into the very center of the picture, and in such a poem as "Gamesters All," a Southern poet, from Charleston too, actually transfers the sympathy of his white reader from the hunter to the hunted.

I had hoped to include poems from the Negro in this collection. Surely with the self-expression which the black has been finding for himself, I had thought, there would be plenty of material from him for "The Lyric South." Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, James Weldon

Johnson—these and many more names came to mind. But my determination to build this anthology around something other than birthplace of the authors, to exclude poets who have done most of their work while resident out of the South, left me with no Negro names to include in this book. With few exceptions—and those chiefly in the field of prose—Negro writers of the new day simply do not remain in the South. There are five writers of reputation in the Harlem section of New York for one in all the fourteen Southern states. The fact simply needs to be chronicled to be understood.

Returning, then, to our effort to fix the qualities which mark off poetry from the South from that of the rest of the country, two things remain for mention: the attitude of these poets toward matters of religious faith and the enthusiasm they manifest for classical subjects.

The South is still conservative in its religious outlook. One needs only to read the poems included in the section called "The Searching Spirit" to understand that. Poets in America to-day are not writing religious verse, hymns, as did Longfellow and Whittier and others of an earlier generation. This is not to say that poetry to-day does not concern itself with matters of the spirit. It does. But as a general rule modern-day verse shuns the direct approach and finds its new religion in a new humanity, a new attitude toward conduct. But here in the South verse is frankly more conventional, more orthodox. I need not specify instances to prove my point. However, here, too, the new spirit enters. Richard Kirk in his characteristic way questions a heaven meant to include both cats and mice; John Crowe Ransom deals interestingly with two Biblical "worthies"; and Cale Young Rice shows a priest whose human frailty was fully as great as his pious rever-

ence. Modernism is here; the leaven may spread throughout religious conventionalism. But as yet only the beginning of the tendency can be truthfully noted.

That an interest in the classics should survive in a conservative South is to be expected. And from my point of view, at least, the fact that it does is a matter of congratulation. Colonel Telfair's library boasted no books subsequent to 1860; but it was rich in the classics. And it is a tradition needed in American life to-day as always. William Alexander Percy is imbued with the culture of Greece and Rome; Lizette Woodworth Reese finds the Iliad still new; and Roselle Mercier Montgomery occupies herself with a translation of Horace.

Perhaps, however, it is time to strike a balance. On the debit side one who would weigh recent poetry from the South must place these qualities: a squeezing out of intelligence by the emotions; a too great concern with tenuous "Beauty"; a belief that mere music outranks cerebration and that ecstasy is better metal than thought; a conviction that carefree optimism is somehow better currency than an analysis which might possibly lead to cynicism or even pessimism; a doctrine that subtlety is vagueness and that poetry consists of the obvious.

The credit side, however, is not a blank. The fact that the poetry revival in the South started some five years later than in the Middle West and the North means that the movement here has escaped many of the extreme forms and tendencies which the first experimenters ventured. The wave of revolt had gathered and was subsiding before the South attempted the seas. Perhaps the natural conservatism of the section played a part in this, too. At any rate the fact remains that the various *isms* which riddled poetry for a while left the South almost untouched. This is not to

say that the region lacks all experimenters. To call the roll of all those who have ventured new manners and ideas is unnecessary. Donald Davidson, John Crowe Ransom, Beatrice Ravenel, and Cale Young Rice are among those most boldly leading the way out from traditionalism and convention.

The anthologist, like the devil, can quote scripture for his purpose. It would have been possible to stretch the thirty names here included to a hundred and to have made a book ten times the size of this, proving, in the manner of former anthologists from the South, the presence of the muse by a mere listing of the thousands of poetlings. Or it might have been possible to cut down the thirty names to ten and establish beyond doubt the fact that verse in the South is just as "advanced," exactly as "new," as "modern" at that of the rest of the country. It has seemed fairer, however, to hit somewhere between the two marks by showing what seems in actuality to be the characteristic qualities of poets now writing from the South. If there is some prettiness here, there is also some actuality; if there is considerable that is obvious, there is also some that is more subtle; if many of the poets are assured of life and its meaning, there are also some who still question and search. But one purpose has been kept in mind: to present, by a choice of the best work of various types, a cross-section of the writing now being done in the South. Those who hold special briefs will have to make their own anthologies.

One may be permitted in closing to express a hope for the future. No changes in life of the past fifty years have been so significant as the new relations and ideas developing from the advancement of science—physical, natural, and social. Below the Mason-Dixon line these changes are right now assuming the dignity of portents. Yet to those sig-

nificances, poetry in the South is only now awakening. Developing industries are changing economic influences; scientific progress is changing religious doctrine from theology to humanism; the drift city-wards from the plantation and farm has changed social relationships and responsibilities. In all these things there are new tragedies and new romances. But as yet they are almost untouched in poetry from the South. While it is true that poetry is a bigger thing than any one of its parts, it is equally true, I take it, that the best poetry is somehow vitally related to life. This vitality is beginning to manifest itself.

ADDISON HIBBARD.

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LOCAL COLOR AND LEGENDARY

They tell me she is beautiful, my City
That she is colorful and quaint, alone
Among the cities.

DuBose Heyward.

THE PRIEST AND THE PIRATE

A Ballad of Theodosia Burr

And must the old priest wake with fright
Because the wind is high tonight?
Because the yellow moonlight dead
Lies silent as a word unsaid—
What dreams had he upon his bed?

Listen—the storm!
The winter moon scuds high and bare;
Her light is old upon his hair;
The gray priest muses in a prayer:

"Christ Jesus, when I come to die
Grant me a clean, sweet, summer sky,
Without the mad wind's panther cry.
Send me a little garden breeze
To gossip in magnolia trees;
For I have heard, these fifty years,
Confessions muttered at my ears,
Till every mumble of the wind
Is like tired voices that have sinned,
And furtive skirling of the leaves
Like feet about the priest-house eaves,
And moans seem like the unforgiven
That mutter at the gate of heaven,
Ghosts from the sea that passed unshriven.

And it was just this time of night
There came a boy with lantern light
And he was linen-pale with fright;
It was not hard to guess my task,
Although I raised the sash to ask—
'Oh, Father,' cried the boy, 'Oh, come!
Quickly with the *viaticum!*
The sailor-man is going to die!'
The thirsty silence drank his cry.
A starless stillness damped the air,
While his shrill voice kept piping there,
'The sailor-man is going to die'—
The huge drops splattered from the sky.

I shivered at my midnight toil,
But took the elements and oil,
And hurried down into the street
That barked and clamored at our feet—
And as we ran there came a hum
Of round shot slithered on a drum,
While like a lid of sound shut down
The thunder-cloud upon the town;
Jalousies banged and loose roofs slammed,
Like hornbooks fluttered by the damned;
And like a drover's whip the rain
Cracked in the driving hurricane.

Only the lightning showed the door
That like two cats we darted for;
It almost gave a man a qualm
To find the house inside so calm.

I sloshed all dripping up the stair,
Up to an attic room a-glare
With candle-shine and lightning-flare—
With little draughts that moved its hair
A wrinkled mummy sat a-stare,
Rigid, huddling in a chair.
I thought at first the thing was dead
Until the eyes slid in its head.

It seemed as if the Banshee storm
Knocked screaming for his withered form;
It shrieked and whistled like a parrot,
Clucking and stuttering through the garret.
With-out, the mailéd hands of hail
Battered the casements, and the gale
About his low roof shuddered, sighing,
As if it knew that he was dying.
It breathed like waiting beasts outside,
While soft feet made the shingles slide.

Then, like a blow upon the cheek,
The mummy's voice began to speak:

'Give me a priest! I'm going to die!'
The Banshee wind took up the cry:
'Give him a priest, he's going to die!'
The old house seemed to rock with laughter,
Shaking its sides and every rafter.

There was a terror in that room
Like faint light streaming from a tomb.
I tried three times before I spoke,
And then the bald words made me choke:

'Be quiet, man, for I am come
To bring you the *viaticum!*'—
I made the sign of holiness.
He rattled out a startled cry.
I whispered low, 'Confess, confess!'
His thin hands quivered with distress.
It is a bitter thing to die.

Just when a blast fell on the town,
I felt his lean claws clutch me down.
It seemed as if the hands of death
Were beating at my breast for breath;
His arms were like a twisted rope
Of rotten strands that tugged at hope.
'Listen, my father, listen well!'
The wind went tolling like a bell:

'She's lying fifty fathoms deep,
Where fishes like white birds go by
Through water-air in ocean-land;
She has a prayer-book in her hand—
Tonight she walks; tonight she spoke;
Her hair goes floating out and up,
Blown one way, with the water weeds,
Always one way, like amber smoke.

She asks the gift she gave to me—
This ring—I cannot get it off!'
His hand and hand fought like two claws—
'I hear her calling from the sea!'
His terror made my own heart pause.

His voice went moaning with the wind,
And groaned and rattled, *'I have sinned,'*
And moaned and murmured at my ear
Of bat-winged angels standing near.

'The little schooner "Patriot"—
I can't forget the vessel's name;
We met her rounding Naggs Head Bank;
We made her people walk the plank,
Twelve men whose faces I forgot.

But there was one sweet lady there,
With lovely eyes and lovely hair,
Whose face has stayed like pain and care.
For every man she made a prayer;
And when the last had found the sea,
I cried to her to pray for me.

She prayed—and took this ring, and said:
"Wear this for me when I am dead."
She bowed her head, then steadfastly
She walked into the hungry sea.
But silent words were on her lips,
And there was comfort in her hand;
It was as if she walked a bridge
That led into a pleasant land.
All that was long and long ago,
So long ago this ring has grown
To be a very part of me,
One with my finger and the bone:'
His voice went trailing in a moan.

'This is her ring—
This is her ring!
I dare not die and wear the thing!
His hand plucked at his finger thin
As if to ease him of his sin.
I gave a sudden gasping shout—
The wind that blew the window in
Had blown the candle out.

'Quick, father, quick!
The ring . . . her name . . .'
There came a jagged spurt of flame;
The window seemed a furnace door
That gave upon a bed of ore;
The thunder rumbled out the muttered
Words that his failing tongue had uttered—
Another flash, a rending crack—
The old man crumpled like a sack;
I felt his stringy arms go slack.
How could he sit so dead, so still!
While wind snouts snuffed along the sill?

White shone his glimmering face, and dull
The sodden silence of the lull,
For when he died the wind had dropt;
And with his heart the storm had stopt,
All but a far-off mouthing sound
That seemed to sough from underground;
While silence paused to plan some ill,
Thwarted by thunder growling still.
All in the darkness of the place
With lightning playing on its face,

I fumbled with the corpse's ring
To which the dead hands seemed to cling;
The stiffening joints were loth to play—
After awhile it came away!

Out, like a sneak-thief through the gloom,
I tiptoed from the dead man's room;
The door behind me like a hatch
Banged—the white splash of my match
Made shadow shapes dance on the wall
As if the devil pulled the string.
The light ran melting round the ring;
Inside the worn script scrawled a-blur:
'J. A. to Theodosia Burr'
Confession is a sacred thing!
I'll keep his secret like the sea;
The ring goes to the grave with me."

HERVEY ALLEN.

FUNERAL AT HIGH TIDE

The Earth must breathe by hours!
In lungs of marshes she inhales the tide,
Alive, and deeply breathing in her sleep
Long draughts of heavy water from the sea,
Her arching chest fills slowly with the flood
Till spear-tops of flat grasses lie awash;
Shoals drown to shallow glimmers where the wind
Ripples like small rain-patches in a shower.
Islands and bays brim level,
And white houses stand
Inland upon the islands, low,
As if the water's crest
Rose higher than the banks.

Then comes a while of shimmering calm,
Earth's water-glutted dream,
A hot *siesta,* full of half-mirage
That lifts white dunes above the warping beach.
Long green reflections blend with yellow lights
Among reflected pines,
Black waters blister underneath the sun,
And far straight channels of the flooded marsh,
Like old canals of silted cities
Lined with palm trees, stretch
Bright avenues of molten lead
To the horizon's end, where water banks
Like oval liquid on a full cup's brim.

The tide is coming in.

On such a rising tide in deep July
We lie a-fishing, in an awninged boat.
The sun is clanging on the molten bay
Like giant hammers on half-liquid metal,
Till the gas-blue vault above
Quivers and rings with heat.
Not for a second dare you catch his eye,
A dazzling furnace door
That opens on a fiery place
Behind the tile-wall of the light.
The white-hot tears run down the cheeks of day.
Fat Earth lies with her face up to the Sun,
Filling her lungs to the last water-breath,
While small waves trace on highest sand
A spiritual lace of broken kelp.
Time comes to rest,
And for a space—inflated—with her bosom arched,
And still as swollen death,
The huge world breathes no more.

It is high tide.

Now, while the world of insects hums
Against the faint despairing pipe of birds,
We set our lines.
The negro pilot sprawls along the thwart,
Eyes covered with a rag, brow-sweating from the sun.
The boys plunge in to swim, quick,
Darting like young seals—
And then slip out to drip
Like little Adams in the tangent heat
That thuds hot sands upon the cracking roof.
Inland we watch a funeral
Which crawls along the roads.
The dark heads slide like beads
Along the top of hedges to a whitewashed church
Whose five thin pillars lie,
Caught on the tin-white mirror of a cove,
In widened lines upon a flooded shoal,
Like quivering strings upon the bridge
Of drum-flat wire-strung instrument.
Look, in the churchyard wilderness beyond,
Where gray-white head-boards stray
Like sheep without a dog,
There yawns a yellow pit
That is the long procession's goal,
For there they gather in black patches
On the spattered sand,
As if the ants had found a thing to eat.

It is slack tide.

Just as the sullen water moils in flux,
Hanging between the in-come and the ebb,
Surges a voice in prayer

That strives to sweep the land and sea away.
We cannot hear the words,
But rocking cadences intone
Across the wrinkled water,
Sinking to withered bass-chants of despair.
Then—like a letter filled with news of death
That comes as unexpected on a peaceful night
As winter thunder to these island homes—
The yapping keening cries of mourners fall,
"Oh God! Oh! Jee-*sus!*"
With a low sound of spades and thunder,
Marl on thudding wood, and nothing under—
Rolls the intolerable prayer—
Screams, barks, and singing pitched in high despair—
A long stillness follows, hot and sick. . . .

The tide has turned.
The Earth begins to breathe again.
And all the level floor of water slides
Backward and backward to the daylight moon,
With sighs from marshes, clucks from birds,
A cupping sound from hollow banks,
Where muddy bubbles plop their scummy lips,
And the unholy fiddlers sit in cavern doors
To brandish fists, whetting their claws for corpses
With Satanic glee, as if they knew
All living things are food, and all must die.
"Oh God! Oh! Jee-*sus!*"
Growing fainter now down swampy lanes—
The boys look at each other with uneasy smiles;
The pilot strips the rag-shade from his eyes
To see the cheerfulness of light.
The incantation of the prayer has ceased and yet—
"Oh! Jee-*sus!*"

Cry out for me you poor black mouths!
For we are brothers
On a spinning den of beasts.
I had a dream of beauty and the Earth,
But it is ebbing with the clutching tide.
This cockle-boat points toward the ocean now,
Out to the unplumbed ravin of the sea.
No! No! The Earth is not alive!
She does not breathe!
This water floor is pulled by sun
Or moon—as all of us are drawn,
Clutched in a nerveless, old untiring hand.
See what the boys catch on their ugly hooks!
Strange croaking fishes with utilitarian mouths,
Poor things Earth breeds behind mantillas of her beauty.
The marshes crawl with headless things,
Dragons to break through priestly dreams
Like cries of fire at night.
And there one lad stands, laughing,
Poised like young Victory upon the prow
One instant—plunges in—and then is gone,
Dark waters over him—and bubbles. . . .
Is that all?

The tide is going out.

Let us return:
There will be comfort in the meal tonight,
In candle light,
And in the unsuspecting faces
'Round the tables at the childish games,
Checkers, and little colored disks
That move in blessed worlds of man-made certainties;
Peace, when the children's faces fall in sleep

Into prophetic masks of time-to-come,
When, like the night,
The silent answer of the darkness comes.
Come, let us weigh the anchor and go home.

HERVEY ALLEN.

PALMETTO TOWN

Sea-island winds sweep through Palmetto Town,
Bringing with piney tang the old romance
Of Pirates and of smuggling gentlemen;
And tongues as languorous as southern France
Flow down her streets like water-talk at fords;
While through iron gates where pickaninnies sprawl,
The sound floats back, in rippled banjo chords,
From lush magnolia shade where mockers call.
Mornings, the flower-women hawk their wares—
Bronze caryatids of a genial race,
Bearing the bloom-heaped baskets on their heads;
Lithe, with their arms akimbo in wide grace,
Their jasmine nods jestingly at cares—
Turbaned they are, deep-chested, straight and tall,
Bandying old English words now seldom heard,
But sweet as Provençal.
Dreams peer like prisoners through her harp-like gates,
From molten gardens mottled with gray-gloom,
Where lichened sundials shadow ancient dates,
And deep piazzas loom.
Fringing her quays are frayed palmetto posts,
Where clipper ships once moored along the ways,
And fanlight doorways, sunstruck with old ghosts,
Sicken with loves of her lost yesterdays.
Often I halt upon some gabled walk,

Thinking I see the ear-ringed *picaroons*,
Slashed with a sash or Spanish *folderols*,
Gambling for moidores or for gold doubloons.
But they have gone where night goes after day,
And the old streets are gay with whistled tunes,
Bright with the lilt of scarlet parasols,
Carried by honey-voiced young octoroons.

HERVEY ALLEN.

A CHARLESTON GARDEN

I love old gardens best—
tired old gardens
that rest in the sun.

There the rusty tamarisk
and knotted fig trees
lean on the wall,
and paper whites break rank
to wander carelessly
among tall grasses.
The yellow roses
slip from the trellis,
and the wistaria goes adventuring
to the neighboring trees.

The forgotten comfort
of the wilderness comes again.
The legend of the twisted walks
is broken,
and the marble seats are green
like woodland banks.

HENRY BELLAMANN.

ON CLINGMAN DOME

The balsam buds are bluer
From leaning on the sky;
With faces nearer, truer,
The stars pass cousinly.

And here on moss like heather,
As fragrant and as deep,
Safe in the tender weather,
The baby angels sleep.

They curl and tumble near me,
Like little laughing flames;
They nudge and do not fear me,
And whisper me their names.

When with the dawn I waken,
I hear them scurrying,
And stare just half mistaken
Where leaves shine like a wing.

God's truants, but forgiven;
For all day long I see
A silver door in heaven
Lean open coaxingly.

Olive Tilford Dargan.

SAL'S GAP

From trough to tip the gap is thick with laurel,
And black raccoons hide in blue granite dens;
And there's a spot where, if you chance to draw well,
You may, some afternoon with pad and pens,

Your head in shade, your feet in sunny sorrel,
Fake us a little cove in Sicily,
More cool to dream in, though, alas, no sea!

You hear the bees hum skyward in the poplars,
Making the sweetest honey of the year,
And watch a cloud that like a tinted mop blurs
A neighbor mountain's bold and green half-sphere
With freakish push and start, and with a drop leers
In at the cabin doors, or dares to take
A roll in gardens, like a playing lake.

And there's a sound so near it seems to bubble
Out of your heart and tingle through your skin.
You creep around the lin that rises double
And where a clump of forest lilies thin
Themselves to three that rise with little trouble
To a graceful score of feet before they droop
Their spotted heads, you catch your breath and stoop;

For you have found it; found the mossy parting
Where a mountain rillet breaks into the light;
An infant on its seaward way outstarting.
You might with half your fingers dam its flight,
So slenderly begins its silver darting,
But how your soul would chide you if you did,
Keeping such bright ambition muddied, hid!

And it is yours; here from this gay beginning
This crystal rover with a singing tongue;
This rebel from the hill's heart that goes winning
Its way round clutching roots with growing song
That will not give the veery one clear inning;
Yours every drop of blue and pearl that links it,
Down to the broad, brown steam that coolly drinks it.

I mean 'tis mine (for I'll no longer share it
With you, the dear man mythical, supposed
To read my verse, but can with ease forbear it);
And creeping where the laurel arms are closed
Above me, I go with the brook's song; mar it,
No doubt, with lilting of my own that pushes
Out of my heart and with the water rushes.

What can I tell of that green way I wandered
Save that each step seemed deeper than its brother
In scented woods where vines and bushes squandered
Berries of gold and sapphire with no bother
Except to tell the Wind that deftly sundered
Them from their hoard. If fairies saw him, sure
They saw him stagger with the load he bore.

And when I reached the valley my heart rumbled
With ache of joy it sought to grapple fast.
I was a creature with wild wings that fumbled
For their lost sky; but forced to think at last
That feet were good enough, I used them, humbled.
So walking met a man quite unexalted,
Who said the day was very hot. I halted.

"Sir," I began, "yon brook that meets the river,
Must have a name full worthy beauty's wear;
A name that like itself may sing forever
In hearts that hear it. Happy be our care
To find a name that melody can never,
No never can forsake for anything
More sweetly sounding." He stood wondering;

Then spoke too loud, I thought. "Sal's branch? You'd
name it?
It's got a name 'at's good enough for me."
"Sal," I began, but could not quite defame it,
My stream of beauty, with such mockery—
"She was an Indian woman with a claim 'at
Lay yonder in Sal's Gap. You see it, lady?
They're both named after her." And "good-day," said he.

He went; I stayed. What was the use of moving?
The world from bondage could not be delivered
While men were dead to Beauty; gross, unloving
To all her gifts. My body burnt and quivered.
You've felt it too,—that hot despair of proving
Man worth your dream, or any light you bring;
Of saving Europe, or of anything.

Then came a thought that through my gloom shot brightly;
A thought of him, the wise man of the hill;
Tall, thin and old, and used to thinking rightly;
Whose age showed fires of gentle splendor still.
We'd change that name! My step again was sprightly,
As off I hastened, dropping a stern mutter;
We'd change that name,—that name I could not utter!

He knew the stars, and looked like one who knew them.
He knew the earth too, which was somewhat more;
He knew the flowers, and as his children grew them;
But best he knew the mountains and their lore.
I told him all. He plucked two pinks and threw them
Into the shadows by his little door;
And I repeated what I'd said before.

My words were wrestlers in a silence spreading
Until I felt it thicken through the valley;
And still no sound, no answer to my pleading;
But once he rose, and lengthened magically
Until his face seemed in the heavens receding.
"And beauty—beauty—" trailed I, overtasked.
"And you would die for it?" he sudden asked.

Then told the story while I listened dumbly.
"For thirty years she lived there near the sky.
Men sought her out, for she was gay and comely,
But none could win her; so her youth went by.
And when her tribe was driven forth, she humbly
Begged leave to die where every wild thing knew her,
And every tree and green thing nodded to her.

"It was not granted. She must travel westward.
She plead to stones, not to good men and true,
In vain she sought to linger there sequestered,
And hid and starved one long white winter through.
They hunted her, and deep the rancor festered
Till troops went up. If she would not forsake her
Wild home so strangely loved, by God, they'd make
her!"

His voice crept through the shadows like a ferret.
"They found her cabin by the brooklet's head;
Her spring you stumbled on; and standing near it,
The tree where swung her body. She was dead
An hour before they came. I know her spirit
Has never left the mountain,—never shall.
Her name was Star-in-rain; they called her Sal."

His eyes were shut. I slipped away not speaking.
She starved. And I, had I not somewhat yearned
For supper coming down? Trespasser peeking!
Night on my forehead was a paw that burned.
Across the gap a loosened star went streaking.
Sal's gap? Sal's brook? So may they ever be!
I set this down for meddlers likest me.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

TWILIGHT

The mountains lie in curves so tender
I want to lay my arm about them
As God does.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

A YOKE OF STEERS

A heave of mighty shoulders to the yoke,
Square, patient heads, and flaring sweep of horn;
The darkness swirling down beneath their feet
The night-winds volley upward bitter-sweet,
Where sleeping valleys stir, and feel the dawn;
Uncouth and primal, on and up they sway,
Taking the summit in a drench of day.
And the dew shatters to a rainbow spray
Under the slow-moving, cloven feet.

There is a power here that grips the mind;
A force repressed and inarticulate,
Slow as the swing of centuries, as blind
As destiny, and as deliberate.

They will arrive in their appointed hour
Unhurried by the goad of lesser wills,
Bearing vast burdens on.
They are the great
Unconquerable spirit of these hills.

DuBose Heyward.

DUSK

They tell me she is beautiful, my City,
That she is colorful and quaint, alone
Among the cities. But I, I who have known
Her tenderness, her courage, and her pity,
Have felt her forces mould me, mind and bone,
Life after life, up from her first beginning.
How can I think of her in wood and stone!
To others she has given of her beauty,
Her gardens, and her dim, old, faded ways,
Her laughter, and her happy, drifting hours,
Glad, spendthrift April, squandering her flowers,
The sharp, still wonder of her Autumn days;
Her chimes that shimmer from St. Michael's steeple
Across the deep maturity of June,
Like sunlight slanting over open water
Under a high, blue, listless afternoon.
But when the dusk is deep upon the harbor,
She finds *me* where her rivers meet and speak,
And while the constellations ride the silence
High overhead, her cheek is on *my* cheek.
I know her in the thrill behind the dark
When sleep brims all her silent thoroughfares.
She is the glamor in the quiet park
That kindles simple things like grass and trees.

Wistful and wanton as her sea-born airs,
Bringer of dim, rich, age-old memories.
Out on the gloom-deep water, when the nights
Are choked with fog, and perilous, and blind,
She is the faith that tends the calling lights.
Hers is the stifled voice of harbor bells
Muffled and broken by the mist and wind.
Hers are the eyes through which I look on life
And find it brave and splendid. And the stir
Of hidden music shaping all my songs,
And these my songs, my all, belong to her.

DuBose Heyward.

EVENING IN THE GREAT SMOKIES

This is their moment, when the brimming skies
Tilt mellow radiance along the wind
To pour through drowsy valleys, and behind
Far peaks. Compassionate the mountains rise,
Dim with the wistful dimness of old eyes
That, having looked on life time out of mind,
Know that the simple gift of being kind
Is greater than all wisdom of the wise.

In this deep moment, hushed and intimate,
When the great hills lean close and understand,
While silence broods, and beauty is made plain,
Children in life's dark house may swing a gate
That lets into a lucent, ample land
Where lips struck dumb may learn to sing again.

DuBose Heyward.

I STUMBLED UPON HAPPINESS

I stumbled upon happiness once
In a forgotten cove
Between impassable ranges.

With eyes the color of great altitudes
The woman regarded me
Coolly, dispassionately,
A lost Martian dropped upon her world;
Then, with a sudden surge,
Power, vast, inexhaustible,
Swept visibly upward,
Lifted and half-turned
The splendid young torso,
Ridged, stiffened, and bunched
In the clean, straight span of the shoulders;
Then swung her from me
Down the raw wound of the furrow,
One with the rhythm
That swayed in the heave of her oxen.
Then came the man,
Half of a tree on his shoulder,
And the peace of a nescience,
Wide and abysmal,
Like naked sunlight upon him.

Earth had her way with these two.
Freed of her old weary combat with spirit
She had modelled this beautiful flesh,
Then tuned it to beat with her rhythms;
Oxen, soil, seed, and human,
In her old perfect cycle.

And for joy, she had given
Strength to sunder, and conquer,
And take, in the sunlight;
And the deep solace to be had
At the hands of a mate
In the hour of shadows.

I looked upon Egypt
Before the first pyramid
Chained flesh to a vision—
Flesh, untrammelled, resilient,
Free from erosion of spirit.

"Philosophy—ethics—art?"
He formed the words slowly,
"No such in these mountains."

I stumbled upon happiness once
In the eyes of a man and a woman
In a forgotten cove
Between impassable ranges.

DuBose Heyward.

SONG FROM THE TRAFFIC

The black haw is in flower again,
The red bud's rosy tide
Splashes the wood and stains the shade
Where dog-tooth violets hide.
(Manhattan—Manhattan—I walk your streets to-day,
But I see the Texas prairies bloom a thousand miles away!)

Primroses burn their yellow fires
Where grass and roadway meet.
Feathered and tasseled like a queen,
Is every old mesquite.
(*It's raining in the barren parks, but on the prairie-side,*
The road is shining in the sun for him who cares to ride!)

The plum tree's arms are burdened white,
And where the shrubs are few
Blue bonnets fold the windy ways—
Is any blue so blue?
(*Clouds of them, crowds of them, shining through the grey,*
Blue bonnets blossoming a thousand miles away!)

How could I live my life so far
From where March plains are green,
But that my gallivanting heart
Knows all the road between?
(*Manhattan—Manhattan—when you jostled me to-day,*
You jostled one a-galloping a thousand miles away!)

MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON.

THE YORKTOWN ROAD

Dust-grey with tawny stripes on either side,
Unfolding like a ribbon, smooth it lies,
The Yorktown Road, and calls me through the year
As seasons pass, with an increasing charm.
The sullen grandeur of a winter day,—
Grey trunks of trees and wind-bared limbs against
A sky less grey, stays in my memory,
To merge into a deeper loveliness
When Spring, expectant, quiet, marshals there

Her troops of Chasseurs Bleus, wild lupin, massed
In scented ranks, each bonnet jauntily
Set sideways, each slim figure held erect,
Become forever symbol of those youths
In blue, whose daring stirred a world to hope.
Here woodlilies peep out, like pink-flushed maids,
From damp, cool places in the rustling wood
To breathe the cry "Vive, vive les Chasseurs Bleus!"

The Yorktown Road and all its bordered blaze
Of honey-coloured broom, Scotch broom, that waves
Like armies of Plantagenets, their plumes
Tossed on the air, poignant with memories
And dreams we knew in childhood's hour come true,
As racing hosts sweep by to victory.

Beauty of Spring, in phantom blue and rose,
Passion of Summer, quick with golden heat,
You lie entombed in narrow aisles of thought,
For I have passed once more the dust-grey road
Where Autumn's lean brown hands lie on the throat
Of Summer, and her fecund blood is poured
In crimson flood on every tree and shrub.
Essential sunlight filched from dying grasp
Is hung upon the beeches like a cloak,
Till visions of those honey-colored hosts
Of gay Plantagenets crowd back on me,
As if each beech, a Titan, had absorbed
That countless army, and the sky had steeped
Its seemless width in the wild lupin's stain,
To hold the colours of les Chasseurs Bleus
Lest we forget the glories that have passed
Before the splendour of the sumac's flame
Or blood-dipped fingers of the dogwood tree.

The Yorktown Road still lies a dusty tape,
And by the flare of Autumn's splendid torch,
A vision is vouchsafed of nailèd hands
Against a tree whose boughs spread like a cross,
And small dark leaves fall like bright drops of blood
From torn, invisible feet, while over all
Put forth through circling Indian Summer haze
Sharps points, as from a crown of thorns . . . A mist
Has wrapped me round, a silvered shroud, but I
Have seen through Death's grim mask and trappings pale
The hope of Immortality.

VIRGINIA MCCORMICK.

STELLA MARIS

Stella Maris, I remember
When the winds went whisperingly,
In another soft September,
O'er a star-enchanted sea!

——Where the scent of oleander
Drifted down the dreaming dunes,
By the paths I used to wander
Under unforgotten moons!

Stella Maris, I remember;
But, to-night, I cannot pray!
Still, the lightship, like an ember,
Burns across the breaking bay—

Still, amidst the jeweled wonder
Of the western horizon,
Just above the jetties' thunder,
Blazes red the Scorpion!

Stella Maris, some September
In the empty years ahead,
Intercede! (I shall remember!)
Call me from the careless dead!

Where the silver sheaves are shaken
Of the sea-oats in the breeze,
Let me watch the dawning waken
Through the tall palmetto trees!

Send my soul to seek September
On some starry southern sea!
Stella Maris, O remember,
When you tell your rosary!

KADRA MAYSI.

MOUNTAINS

I tried to love your mountains
With their high and sunlit summits,
Their low white clouds that broke like waves
Against great granite scars;
The sound of drowsy water
As it trickled to the river,
The trees like index-fingers
Ever pointing to the stars.

I tried to love your mountains . . .
The silver peace that lingered
In sheltered nooks, and curving paths
Beneath some vine-hung tree,—

But I could smell the tang of salt
Where great blue waves were breaking,
And in my ears I ever heard
The sand-dunes calling me.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

I met a little mountain boy
As I rode through the vale;
His tiny sister trailed behind,
With pawpaws in a pail.

I greeted him: "How old are you?"
He tipped his cap, "I'm six."
"Where do you live?" He smiled and said,
"Oh, back there in the sticks."

Then, "Won't you have a pawpaw, Sir?
We gathered them to-day."
I did not like the fruit, but said,
"Why thank you, if I may."

He held the pail of pawpaws up,
"My sister here is four;
Her birthday was last week, he said,
"Sir, won't you have some more?"

A jaybird blew his clarinet,
A brown thrush tried to trill;
The boy went whistling down the path,
As I rode up the hill.

COTTON NOE.

HOME

I have a need of silence and of stars;
Too much is said too loudly; I am dazed.
The silken sound of whirled infinity
Is lost in voices shouting to be heard.
I once knew men as earnest and less shrill.
An undermeaning that I caught I miss
Among these ears that hear all sounds save silence,
These eyes that see so much but not the sky,
These minds that gain all knowledge but no calm.
If suddenly the desperate music ceased,
Could they return to life? or would they stand
In dancers' attitudes, puzzled, polite,
And striking vaguely hand on tired hand
For an encore, to fill the ghastly pause?
I do not know. Some rhythm there may be
I cannot hear. But I—oh, I must go
Back where the breakers of deep sunlight roll
Across flat fields that love and touch the sky;
Back to the more of earth, the less of man,
Where there is still a plain simplicity,
And friendship, poor in everything but love,
And faith, unwise, unquestioned, but a star.
Soon now the peace of summer will be there
With cloudy fire of myrtles in full bloom;
And, when the marvelous wide evenings come,
Across the molten river one can see
The misty willow-green of Arcady.
And then—the summer stars . . . I will go home.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

THE DELTA AUTUMN

Give me an ebbing sunset of the fall
With chilly flare of cosmos-colored light,
A white-winged moon in frozen, downward flight,
Ethereal, naked trees where no birds call;
Leave me to watch my infinite, gaunt river,
Its solemn width, its willow-purpled coil,
Its floor of hammered brass and azure oil,
Its silence where far strands of wild geese quiver—
And I'll not miss the hopeful, passionate spring,
Spring that knows naught of thought or masterful will
Or conquered grief or peace when cold winds chill,
But sings and struts with sunlight-dabbled wing
And is too sweet where men yet hate and kill.
Autumn as autumn comes in my dim-lustered land—
Of that be my dreaming under the fennel-crusted sand.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

STREET CRIES

The dreamer turns,
Clear tones zig-zag like lightning
Through soft black sleep.
Thick walls of sleep are cracking . . .
From streets immeasurably below
The vendors' voices leap,
The cool tunes flow;
"Turtle-eggs—turtle-eggs!"
Delicious quiet:
The sleeper turns . . .

"Turtle-eggs . . ."
Dreaming of steaming beaches . . .
The warm sand is wet,
Diggers' bodies bow
Clammy with salt and sweat;
Nests are hidden deep,
Dark and deep as sleep,
. . . turtle-eggs . . .
Round, creamy curds.
How good to dig in the fresh morning
While rosy beaches whiten
Quick with the young sea-birds!
Through glassy heat the beach-lines run,
Quiver in misty sea and sun,
Gently-rocking sea and sun.
"I got honey,
I got um in de comb!"
June is honey-gold,
Oozing through shutters;
"Honey in de comb—"
An impish whistling tickles
The dreamer's muffled ears:
"I'm a po' boy long ways fum home—"
A clack and a clack of feet,
Words fountain up and fall,
Plash in the stony street;
Slow-dripping music trickles,—
"Honey . . . in . . . comb . . ."

Soft black sleep
Is barred with amber light;
The sleeper sighs . . .

Oh, sweet delight of love
Where is there such delight
As to love blindly—
Shut-eyed as flowers are at night!

A chorus sings,
A negro chorus, stately-moving,
Fruit-piled basket on head,
And perfect balancings,
Paeans to ripe earth harvested.
"Melons . . . musk-melons . . ."
Strophe—curve—return.
Round tones rolling,
Like fruit from horns of plenty,
Spiral down—lie mute,
Trampled by idle strolling.
"Water-water-water-melons . . .
Musk . . ."
Oh, such is love—dream fruit!
On it the sleeper feeds
And loses all content
With daylight things,
Like Proserpine who ate some pomegranate seeds
And back to darkness went . . .
And back to darkness went.

JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY.

SEA-DRINKING CITIES

Sea-drinking cities have a moon-struck air;
Houses are topped with look-outs; as a dog
Looks up with dumb eyes asking, dormers stare
At stranger vessels and swart cunning faces.

They are touched with long sleeping in the sea-born moon;
They have heard fabled sails slatting in the dark,
Clearing with no papers, unwritten in any log,
Light as thin leaves before the rough typhoon;
Keels trace a phospher-mark,
To follow to old ocean-drowned green places.

They never lose longing for the never-known,
These ocean-townships moored and hawsered fast;
They welcome ships, salt-jewelled venturers
That up over the curve of the world are blown
With run-rise in their sails and gold-topped mast;
And in the evening they let them go again
With a twisted lip of pain,
Into the cavernous fog that folds and stirs;
They have not even a faint tenderness
For their own loveliness.

Their loveliness, as of an old tale told . . .
A harbor-goblet, with wide-brimming lip
Where morning tumbles in shaken red and gold,
Trinketed and sun-bedizened they sip;
Their tiny tiles all twinkle, fire-bright;
Their strong black people bargain on the docks
In gaudy clothes they catch the beating light . . .
But all bewitched, old cities sit at gaze
Toward the wharves of Mogador . . . Gibraltar,
Where the shawl-selling Arab piles a blaze
Of fiery birds and flowers on Trade's heaped altar.
Sea-drunken sure are these,—
Towns that doze—dream—and never wake at all,
While the soft supple wind slides through the trees,
And the sun sleeps against the yellow wall.

JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY.

ESCAPE AT MOONRISE

Run out—run out from the insane gold world,
Softly clanging the gate lest any follow,
Dropping your restless chains however gold,
Your jewels of unappeasing red and yellow.
Bind your light body in silver and in green,
The costume of this country, and your hair
Must part upon a long neck whitely showing.
The round rock will shine quietly in bright air,
True moon-stones set between
The worshiping grasses eastward devoutly bowing.

The cattle stir now in the shadowy meadows
And rise, fronting the moon with upturned horn,
Huge shoulders bulking dark like priestly shadows
And silent chorals waiting where the unshorn
Slow flocks are creeping with a motion of cloud,
Snuffing the light that slides on countless arcs
Of meadow-flowers dewy on bended stalks;
Here is no casual wind to talk aloud.
Cape yourself in branch-shadows hung from trees;
Snare your feet in grass-wickets; and some day
You may contrive to stay,
And lose your too familiar self in these.

JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY.

THE ALLIGATOR

He roars in the swamp.
For two hundred years he has clamored in Spring;
He is fourteen feet long, and his track scars the earth in the night-time,
His voice scars the air.

Oak-boughs have furred their forks, are in velvet;
Jessamine crackle their fire-new sparks;
The grass is full of a nameless wildness of color, of flowers in solution.
The glass-blower birds twist their brittle imaginings over the multiplied colors of water.

But the counterpoint of the Spring—
Exacerbate, resonant,
Raw like beginnings of worlds,
Cry of the mud made flesh, made particular, personal,
Midnight assailing the morning, myopic sound, blinded by sun,—
Roars from the swamp.
A thing in itself,
Not only alive, but the very existence of death would be news to it.
Will—
Will without inflection,
Making us shudder, ashamed of our own triviality—
The bull alligator roars in the swamp.

This is queer country.
One does not walk nor climb for a view;
It comes right up to the porch, like a hound to be patted.
Under our hog-back
The swamp, inchoate creature, fumbles its passage, still nearer;
Puffing a vapor of flowers before it.

This week there are ponds in the wood, vertiginous skies underfoot,
Pondering heaven.
Next week (in the pashing mud of the footpath

Fish may be gasping, baffled in semi-solids.
The negroes will eat them.

This is queer country.
Thick-blooded compulsive sound,
Like scum in the branch, chokes, mantles the morning.

Sangarrah! . . . Sangarrah! . . . Sangarrah! . . .

Two hundred years back—
And the medicine-man of the Yemassee
Sat in the thick of the swamp, on the ridge where the cypresses flung
Their elfin stockade.
Wrinkled his chest as the cast-off skin of the blacksnake,
The hide of his cheeks hung square and ridged as the hide
Of the grown alligator.
A young alligator squirmed on his naked knees
While he muttered its lesson.

That was strong medicine. Over the old man's eyes
Drooped the holy beloved crest of the swan-plumes;
Otter-skin straps cut under his arms
From the breastplate of conch-shells.
Fawn-trotters fell from his boot-tops; the white beloved mantle
Lined with raw scarlet, hung on the gum-tree, along with the ocelot quiver
And locust-wood bow.
He had fasted, drinking the dark button snake-root. He shuddered,
Calling the secret name, the name of the Manneyto,
Y-O-He,
Never known by the people.

On the infant saurian, long-lived, ruled into patterns, his hands
Moved, taking the shape of a sharp-curved arrow;
He spoke, teaching its lesson, calling its name;
"Nanneb-Chunchaba,
Fish-like-a-Mountain,
Remember!

"By the day-sun and the night-sun,
By the new beloved fire of the corn-feast;
By the Arrow of Lightning, that came from the storm,
From the Spirit of Fire to the ancient chief of the Yemassee—
Totem of Yemassee!
Let our voice be remembered.

"We go from the hunting-grounds of our fathers,
The lands that we took, fighting north through the man-eating Westoes,
Fall from our hands.
In the hills of our dead, in the powdering flesh that conceived us,
Shall the white man plant corn.

"The trails where we fought with the fierce Tuscarora
Will call us in vain;
No pictures of skillful canoemen will green Isundiga paint clear in his waters.
We shall be cut from the land as the medicine-man cuts the totem
From the arm of the outcast.

"From the sky they cannot cut our totem!

"My name too shall vanish.
When the drums and the music for three days are silent
And men praise me under the peach-trees,
My over-wise spirit
Shall root itself here, as the oak-tree takes hold.
Who will wait for me? Which of the spirits
That have made of my body a lodge, that have twisted my sinews
As women twist withes for their baskets, will claim habitation,
That have spoken their wisdom
Out of my mouth?
I shall hide from them all, as the war-chiefs
Cover their lives with the tree-tops,
Leaving them safe when they go on the war-path.
I shall sleep in this place.

In the new days,
The days when our voice shall be silent,
Speak for the Yemassee!
Nanneb-Chunchaba, you, little Fish-like-a-Mountain,
Shout through the forest the terrible war-cry of Yemassee!

"Sangarrah! . . . Sangarrah-me! . . . Sangarrah-me!
Shout! I shall hear you!
Sangarrah! . . ."

For two hundred years—
Will, without inflexion—
The bull alligator
Roars from the swamp
In the Spring.

BEATRICE RAVENEL.

TIDEWATER

I

Coasts

Were the burned sands of Aeaea—
Circe's—stranger than yours,
Wadmalaw?
Myrtles squat beastlike, each crouching inland,
Sand for a spell on their faces.

Is Samos more white
Than the beaches of Kiawah?
Are the knightly spirits of Rhodes more fiercely splendid
Than phantoms of Indian warriors?
Their lances more terrible
Than points of palmetto and yucca
Crossed like a sword-dance
On Edisto?
Their towers more arrogant
Than the belfries of thick white bell-flowers
Carved on the air?

Is Marathon richlier echoed
With voices of youthful heroes
Than the swamps of Santee?
When the bloom runs over the moss
In a lost gray glory of tarnished silver, of shadowy pearl,
Riders furrow the night—
Marion, Marion's men,
Pass in a voiceless tumult,
Pass like the smoke from a torch,
With dark, unextinguished eyes.

These are the coasts, the haunted coasts and the islands
Of Carolina.

II

HARBOR WATER

All through the night I can hear the sound of dancers,
Soft-padding hoofs, and the lipping of the water,
The water, the water patting juba . . .
Juba! Juba!
Juba lef' an' Juba right,
Juba dance on a moonshine night—
Juba!

Knobbly palmetto posts,
Matted trunks of sea-gods,
Hairier than monkeys, rise from the water—
The pulpy, the oily-burnished water.

Soft rocking feet of the dancers sway about them,
Long-swelling ripples with their crisp inhibitions,
Filed golden streaks like the pointed feet of dancers,
Pull of the tide, and the netted flopping motion
Of the water, the music-woven, oily-damasked water,
Water patting juba . . .
Juba! Juba!
Juba lef' an' juba right,
Juba dance on a moonshine night—
Juba!

BEATRICE RAVENEL.

A CHESAPEAKE MARSH

Willows and willows in two gust-worn rows,
The fading sunset and the marsh between;
A road beneath where little pools lie keen
At twisted roots, and faint the late light glows.
The yellowing leaves flame down each wind that blows,
And choke the pools and heap the rushes lean.
Wheels rumble; up the road a cart is seen;
White in a whirl of dust it lumbering shows.
Eastward, beyond the wall of gust-worn trees,
A rotting boat drawn up among the reeds;
Creeks that past foggy alders blazing slip;
Salt scents; the stir of solitary bees;
A startled bird that shoreward clamoring speeds;
And leagues of water empty of a ship.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

PEACHTREE

I want to go to Peachtree;
The river there is wide;
The moon, unmoored from Fanny Meade,
Comes sailing up the tide.

The quiet beach, windbroken
By deer-deep shrubberies
Looks to a far shore sentinelled
By brave old cypress trees.

I want to go to Peachtree
To see the Peachtree Oak,
To hear black Gabriel's hunter-talk
About the woodland folk;

Of otter in the old canal
On Navarino wild,
Of bucks he watched by broad moonlight,
Of foxes he beguiled.

I want to go to Peachtree
To mark the sea-tides come
In wonder to dim forest-shrines
Far from their tawny home;

River and wood shall friend me,
And over me the skies'
Bright wilderness of loveliness
Whose beauty never dies.

I want to go to Peachtree
To feel upon my face
Wet delta marsh-winds blowing;
To marvel with what grace,

Beyond the lonely pinelands,
Austere, remote, sublime,—
Up evening's oriel windows tall
The sunset roses climb.

I want to go to Peachtree
To see the ducks deploy
Above the yellowing ricefields old
As when I was a boy:

There as a boy I hunted,—
Dreaming by shore and bay
Dreams that the mighty river caught
And carried far away.

Oh, I must go to Peachtree
(Ah, sweet wild questing vain!)
Upon the mightiest hunt of all:
To find my heart again.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE.

TWO WINDS

The wind that blows in my own land hath a pleasant sound,
For it comes blowing softly over leagues of level ground.
It brings the smell of fern and pine and scent of homely weeds
And thoughts of little quiet pools that shine among the reeds;
And sweet from miles of water and warm with summer sun
I heard it whisper in my eaves when day was done.

The wind that blows in this land whistles shrill and drear,
Like whimpering of a homeless ghost, dead a thousand year.
I think it never smelled the sea nor knew the generous plain—
It knows the thoughts of lonely folk that sit at home in pain.
It only knows the crowding hills, the rock-heaps cold and stark;
And so it whimpers like a child, lost in the dark.

And though I long for home folk, their plain and kindly speech,
For the nights of scented dark with the stars just out of reach,
The brown of drifted pine-straw in the yellow afternoon
And the glint of quiet water, miles and miles beneath the moon.

For the little winding roads with their shadow-checkered
sand—
Yet most I miss the quiet wind,
(The fragrant wind, the friendly wind)
More than all else I want the wind of my own land.

VICTOR STARBUCK.

SONNETS OF AN OLD TOWN

I

SPRING DUSK IN WILLIAMSBURG

Once more at dusk the gentle ghosts must know
Old ways along the Duke of Gloucester street,
When every passing wind is April fleet
To stir the apple's rosy scented snow,
And whirl the vagrant petals to and fro
On garden paths where other springs as sweet
And young as this have sped on eager feet
To the dim cloisters of the long ago.
Surely the ghosts must throng the little town
When fading edges of the afternoon
Are spent in twilight in the dreaming west;
When lilacs shake their dusty fragrance down
The wistful silence, and the risen moon
Is a white flower on the evening's breast.

II

OLD APRIL

For down this path has April come again,
As she has wandered since the woods were young,
Her feet unsandaled, and her gay hair flung,
Like a bright scarf, against a dance of rain.

Forgotten ecstasy and ancient pain
Blow in her flowers, her waters find a tongue
For all lost loveliness, for beauty sung
Where beauty's dust blows down a windy lane.
The pattern of her daffodils is old,—
Older than grief, which whispers through the year,
"So on another day a troop of gold, . . .
So on another day you lingered here, . . .
So on another day," . . . oh recompense,
To find new tears for spring's sweet insolence!

III

They Sleep So Quietly

They sleep so quietly, those English dead,
In Bruton Churchyard, when the cold wind sighs
Through the stripped branches, weaving overhead
Fantastic webs against the wintry skies.
They do not heed the hurrying snow which covers
Their unremembered names—Margaret, and Joan,
Philip and Lucy, long forgotten lovers—
Where the white silence of the drifts is blown.
But when the hawthorn spills her petals down,
And ranks of jonquils break in shining blooms
As April lingers in the little town,
They will lie dreaming in the ancient tombs
Of Cornwall's cliffs beneath the soft spring rains,
Or foxgloves nodding in the Devon lanes.

Virginia Lyne Tunstall.

AFTER ALL SPLENDORS

Paris at dawn; Egypt beneath the stars,
And spring in Tuscany!
Where, through ruined temples of old avatars,
The young moon peers,
White with the silver of forgotten tears;
Still, down the years,
New Aprils move, eternally,
In rhapsodies of almond bloom.
And poets loved this beauty, too,
Who walked the secret way they knew,
Down to a shadowy tomb.

And other splendors—on the sea,
Set like a jewel—Sicily,
Crowned with the light of Etna. On her breast,
Her ruins like a decoration, rest.
Marbles of Greece, that knew immortal hours;
Gardens of far Japan, steeped in a wine of flowers;
Faint temple bells, the nightingale;
And palace, mosque, and minaret;
The burning stars above a desert trail—
An ancient symbol—lest our hearts forget.

After all splendors, if the South—
My South—still knows
And gives some word of beauty for a sign;
The waxen marvel of camellias, white and rose;
A wide winged heron's cloudy flight;
A thrush's mouth,
Brimming with starlit music, through a night
Where pine tree shadows stir,

And lily-troubled waters shine—
I shall return! Ah, not to call it lovelier—
This land—than all the rest
My pilgrim feet have pressed,
But only that these things are mine—are wholly mine!

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

STONE MOUNTAIN

Before man came
The swirling waters and the winds were here,
And high and higher, the white flame
Of questing life, went throbbing through
The silver dawn and purple dying of the year,
When nations were not, and the world was new.

O winds, that built an altar to the dawn;
O patient earth, that knew a high, celestial plan
In spacious ages, before time began,
Or he that bore the flaming sword, was gone;
You, that have been our masters, serve us now!
We take your agelong labor, wrought in stone,
And bring such laurels for that granite brow,
As neither Greece nor Egypt called her own!

They crowned their *pride* with marble; wreath and vine
Were for the victor of his little day.
But at no other shrine
As here, will sun and stars behold the people kneel;
Ambition pause; the mighty stop to pray,
And crown an ancient Sorrow with a new Idea?

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

NATURE AND THE SEASONS

Autumn as autumn comes in my dim-lustered land—
Of that be my dreaming under the fennel-crusted sand.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

GREY

Up among the grey clouds,
Through the grey rain,
The wild ducks are trailing
Their wavering chain.

Frailer than a lace-thread,
Through the waste of grey,
Steadily the wraith-chain
Drags my heart away.

KARLE WILSON BAKER.

MUSIC-MAD

The mocking bird is music-mad tonight,
He thinks the stars are notes;
That he must sing each spattered star, and be
A choir of many throats.

The earth is his cathedral, and its dome
Is all the light-pricked sky,
The pear tree is his choir loft, and there
He flings his mad songs high.

The moon-white blossoms are young girls to him,
Who kneel at night to pray;
The buds, their rosaries—the little winds
Are whispered prayers they say.

He thinks he is the whole cathedral choir,
And bursts his little throat;
I lie awake—and do not breathe—lest I
May miss one single note.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL.

TO A TEXAS PRIMROSE

A flake of cloud was trembling cast
  Where April walked in dew;
Earth loved the alien, made it fast;
  It blushed, and then was you.

So light it seems you'd upward go;
  Then tender turn and cling,
And like a maid at nod and no,
  Grow sweeter wavering.

Still in two worlds you hold a dower;
  The snowdrop of the air
And rose of earth, here in one flower
  A double beauty dare.

But this thing lack you. (May it be
  You will not lack it long!)
You've no estate in poesy;
  No pedigree in song.

What lovers of the stern frontier
  Here halted, no less brave
For wondering how you'd glowing cheer
  An uncompanioned grave?

Heroes, but not of those who go
To conquest pen in hand,
So left your loveliness to blow
Unmeasured and unscanned.

Your robe, though royal from old time
Ere rose and daffodil,
Must, for the want of broidered rhyme,
Kirtle a gypsy still.

So shyly glowing, meekly gay,
And so for music meet,
I wonder what would happen, say,
If I were Herrick, sweet.

Surely he'd smuggle you somehow
Into the Muses' hall,
And proud court flowers there should bow
To a new queen lineal.

With hint and smile he'd fix your sound
Unquestioned dynasty,
Sending the happy whisper round,
Beauty is pedigree.

And Grasmere's sage, if hereabout
He found your face at dawn,
Would silent sit the full day out,
And dark would come too soon.

Then mumbling home he'd take you too,
Imprisoned in a line;
No more would you need sun or dew
Who there so fixed would shine.

O delicate barbarian,
I've no immortal art
To sing you as the laurelled can,
But travel in my heart.

And though my way be bare and brown,
And miles grow long for me,
I vow I will not set you down
This side of Castaly.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

TULIPS

Tulips in the window,
For all the world to see!
Red and yellow tulips
Draw the heart of me!

I would believe in any folk,
Whatever their neighbors said,
With tulips in their window,
And a little garden bed.

I would marry any man,
And serve him with a will,
Who, living all alone, should plant
Tulips on his sill.

MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON.

WE VISIT MY ESTATE

That cloud, now! Just below that strip of blue!
You like it? That's mine too!

RICHARD R. KIRK.

APRIL

No syllables that lightliest dance
Across the pages of romance,
Or soft in some wild gipsy tongue
To the wild moon are said or sung,
Are half so mirthful, half so young
As April.
Not dryad, faun or elf could frame
A merrier, a more blithesome name
Than April.

Speak it with rapture—buds will break
Along the limbs that thrushes shake
With song for love's and lovers' sake.
Or speak it low—it will be laden
With sweets for every youth and maiden.
Speak it gaily—like a brook
That reddening maples overlook,
It purls and bubbles: on the air
It goes a-tripping debonair
Pranked out in flower and fern and feather,
Token and sign of rainbow weather.
Not the most clear, most clarion note
That rises from a hyla's throat,
No, not the song of wren or linnet
Has more of bud and blossom in it.

O laughing, jocund word, you hold
Azalea's rose and jasmine's gold—
April!

You are a cry of joy, a shout
Of triumph. See! I fling you out,
A banner, from my heart's redoubt—
April!

Mary Sinton Leitch.

CLUES

Swift spirit of Truth, unfaltering I pursue
Your flying feet—an imprint on the strand,
A wisp of song blown by old winds that fanned
The fires on Moloch's altars, or that blew
Christ's words across the world—and then the clue
Is lost in fog that creeps along the sand.
Too often dusk sifts down on a barren land
That yields me neither sign nor sound of you.
"Truth is a phantom," mocking voices say,
But vain is doubt and all derision vain,
For I have seen torn scarves of April rain
Flung from your shoulders as you sped away.
Your breath makes sweet the rose and daffodil;
Then, though you flee, I follow, follow still!

Mary Sinton Leitch.

THE PAGAN

Thinking to shrive me in the solitude—
By all my folly and my failure spent—
Steeling my heart against the sight and scent
Of tender spring, I sought the cloistered wood;
But Nature, scornful of my chastened mood,
Across my vision flung a jasmine flower;—
How could my thoughts with such a golden dower

Go clad in garb of nun or Quaker's hood?
Lest even the yellow jasmine be withstood
More snares were set. Not only far around,
About, above, did loveliness abound;
A firmament of blossoms starred the sod!
Fie on you, Pagan Nature, thus to make
Mock of a sober mind for beauty's sake!

MARY SINTON LEITCH.

THE SECRET

The woods nave their secrets but I know one of them!
I have surprised a little pool among the cold bare trees,
  Silent as moonlight lying
On the chill marble of a Venetian palace courtyard.
The winter, stripping the woods of their sheltering leaves,
  Betrayed its hiding-place.
So peaceful was it I felt a rude intruder
And crept away, treading softly on the soft pine-needles.
It was a little pond but it held in its bosom a vast stillness
  And the shadows of three cedars.

MARY SINTON LEITCH.

TO A THORN TREE BLOOMING ON A CITY STREET

Sudden along the city street
Your whiteness flashed against the grey
Of smoky walls; the gritty stones
Became a quiet country way.

And none who saw you could forget
Your loveliness,—for each took toll;
The city was transformed by you,
And no one lied and no one stole.

The passers reached to pluck a sprig,
Mysteriously fair to them,—
Part of the miracles you saw
In streets of old Jerusalem.

VIRGINIA MCCORMICK.

DAWN

I am a confidant of Dawn,
An intimate of waking things,
A lover of pale, lucent skies,
A listener for stirring wings.

I am no prisoner of Sleep
In that dim hour when the Dawn
Bends over and confides in me
After her lover, Night, is gone.

Strange are the things Dawn tells to me—
Pallid, with tear-dew on her cheeks;
I may not tell what secret things
She whispers to me when she speaks.

Only the sinking stars . . . the late
Wan, wastrel moon . . . the waking flowers . . .
And birds share with the Dawn and me
The intimacies of those hours.

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY.

A SEA SONG

Blue waters of the ocean with the endless sky above you,
And tawny dunes whose slanting sands run down to meet the wave,
You were my playmates as a child, and now grown old I love you,
And want your surf to lull my dust, your sand to be my grave.

I never see the slender pines but I think of masts and spars,
And I never watch the silent sky but it seems another sea
With its great white ships by daylight lit at dusk with little stars,
And in the blowing wind I hear the sand-dunes calling me.

For the ocean's mighty music and the dunes' low minor notes,
In all my years of toil and dream have played a friendly part,
And the waters' changing color, and the wind and birds and boats,
Have spun a slender thread of song and wound it 'round my heart.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

AUTUMN

Autumn, autumn, you thought I was not spying
When you laid your hand caressingly on summer's sleeping head,
But I saw her start and shiver,
And I saw her wake and quiver,

For your touch was chill as snowtime
Though her mouth was flaming red.

Autumn, autumn, you did not think I saw you
When you crept among the grasses and swayed them with your breath,
When the wildflowers bent to greet you,
And the trees reached out to meet you,
For they thought your touch was beauty,
But they found your kiss was death!

Autumn, autumn, I hate you and I love you,
For with all your flame and passion you are nothing but a thief,
Though you thrill like spring's soft magic,
You're a lover old and tragic,
And your purple gold and crimson
But a cover for love's grief.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

"I DID NOT HEED THAT SPRING WAS HERE"

I did not heed that spring was here;
The city streets were chill and gray,
When lo, I passed a window where
White dogwood blooms were on display.

I paused . . . I could not quickly pass
The vision in the window small . . .
I felt warm winds that stirred the grass,
I heard the singing sand-dunes call!

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

IN APRIL

There is a way that calls to me
When April comes,
Of sea and sand and petalled tree
Of surf-white plums.

And I must walk the dunes and watch
Each wave-bough break,
See the white petals of the plum
With new life shake.

And as the wind glows wild and strong
Whirling in ecstasy,
O which can be the lovelier,
White plum, white sea?

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

THE WIND WAS COLD, THE SKY STEEL GRAY

The wind was cold, the sky steel gray,
Spring semed so very far away
Till Lo! I passed a window-space
And like a fire against my face
I felt the yellow daffodils.

And suddenly warm winds went by,
Deep cobalt stained the sombre sky,
I smelt the bruised myrtle tree,
And heard the breaking of the sea
Beyond the dunes' low sandy hills.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

A PAGE'S ROAD SONG

(13TH CENTURY)

Jesu,

If Thou wilt make
Thy peach trees bloom for me,
And fringe my bridle path both sides
With tulips, red and free,
If Thou wilt make Thy skies as blue
As ours in Sicily,
And wake the little leaves that sleep
On every bending tree—
I promise not to vexen Thee
That Thou shouldst make eternally
Heaven my home;
But right contentedly,
A singing page I'll be
Here, in Thy springtime,
Jesu.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

OVERTONES

I head a bird at break of day
Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
So full of certainties,
No man, I think, could listen long
Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird
Alone, among dead trees.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

SWEET WEATHER

Now blow the daffodils on slender stalks,
Small keen quick flames that leap up in the mold,
And run along the dripping garden-walks:
Swallows come whirring back to chimneys old.

Blown by the wind, the pear-tree's flakes of snow
Lie heaped in the thick grasses of the lane;
And all the sweetness of the Long Ago
Sounds in that song the thrush sends through the rain.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

A CITY BUTTERFLY

What do you here, O golden voyager?
And from what pastures gladdened by the sun,
Or dappled woodlands where the wild brooks run
And over moon-white roads the branches stir?
Come you, an envoy of the Fairy Queen,
To bid us to some frolic of the spring
Where white-frilled daisies curtsey in a ring
And dandelions dance upon the green?

Your fluttering yellow wings above the throng
Glimmer and gloom against the buildings high.
Now you are lost; but from the dingy sky
Floats down a vernal drift of swallow-song,
And on a grassy hillside that I know
I hear the little winds of April blow.

VICTOR STARBUCK.

THE PINE AGAINST THE BLUE

If I but knew
The meaning of yon pine against the blue
And what the wise winds whisper blowing through,
What need were mine of books to teach me lore?
I—gathering shells along life's windy shore
Where all that is and all that was before
Breaks on Eternity—If I but knew
The meaning of the pine against the blue!

If I could sing
The faintest flutter of a swallow's wing,
What need had I for any other thing?
Yea, what of worth to me were Homer's lyre
Or Dante's vision, or Mahomet's fire
To harp down Heaven to the heart's desire
Or chant men up to gods—If I could sing
The faintest flutter of a swallow's wing?

VICTOR STARBUCK.

THE LESSON

You bid me come into your solitude
And let the meadows and the wood
Lay their cool fingers on my heart;
And much
You promise for this healing touch
And for the atmosphere
Of still repose,
And what you call the dumb
Companionship that nature knows

So well to keep;
You talk about the lotus noons,
The nights of unremembering sleep. . . .

I shall not come.
For me your Nature has a cruel tongue and clear,
And full of an old sound
This sleepless city with its roar has drowned,
That I should weep to hear.

Hers is the voice whose utterance is desire;
Hers the tone
Whose breath is of bereavement and the will
To know no joy alone;—
The cry of mate and mother for its own
That shall no more be still.
Always one wakeful throat amid the drowsy herd
On the far hill;
In some near tree a bird
That calls in vain. . . .
The shattering echoes overturn
And spill
The gathered silence from the night's deep urn
And break the promise of its peace and fill
Forest and field with their reiterant pain. . . .

What Nature teaches I was quick to learn;
Why should I hear it from her lips again?

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

PEOPLE AND PORTENTS

We live a little while
Angelic or satanic;
Then go the further mile
Mechanic.

RICHARD R. KIRK.

BEYOND DEBATE

Out from the wrought-iron gate
Miss Perdee drives in state;
Miss Perdee wears the thin smile
And the sleeves of 1888.

Miss Perdee's face is stifled as a sonnet;
Upon her wire-tight hair a duck-shaped bonnet
Nests, nodding with a *cachepeigne*
Of violets on it.

East Bay, some tea and talk, them home by King.
The horses have an antiquated plod;
The team is old, but not too old to balk
If driven north of Broad.

Miss Perdee wears the sure air of a queen,
Which only queens and Perdees can achieve.
The Perdees had blue blood in Adam's veins
When Adam had the rib he gave to Eve.

Back through the wrought-iron gate
Miss Perdee drives in state.
Miss Perdee lives down on the Battery!
Beyond debate.

HERVEY ALLEN.

THE HOUSEWIFE: WINTER AFTERNOON

The children's cat upon the window-sill,
The little sounds that make the house so still,

That old brown hunting-hat upon the rack,
I give away, and John keeps getting back,

The jonquil blooming in the yellow bowl—
I well believe that each one has a soul,

Each, body to some delicate, rich dream,
As my blue tea-pot to its perfumed steam.

"The shadows of the angels' houses"—so
Said William Blake of houses here below,

And if, at last, they'd set upon my grave,
(As once they furnished forth the red-skinned brave,)

My old blue tea-pot, and a bowl like this,
I think I'd sooner take root in new bliss,

And not come dreaming back, a happy fool,
To wait, like this, till Johnny comes from school.

KARLE WILSON BAKER.

EVVIE'S MOTHER

She took the last egg out of the basket.
"I'll warm a little 'fore I go," she said;
And pretending not to know

That Spring had tip-toed through my window
And put out my fire,
She drew her chair hearthward.

I glanced at the hovering shoulders
That made my kitchen seem too big and comfortable,
And scoured a milk-jar the second time.
She watched me through her eyelids,
And sure of my sheltering indifference,
Began:

"Evvie an' Judd got off this mornin'.
Judd hauled their thimbleful o' stuff
Round by the wagon road yisterday,
An' they set off afoot over the mountain.
Evvie was limpin', 'count o' that ketch in her back,
But Judd was totin' all the bundles.
He *thinks* he's goin' to be good to her;
I'll 'low him that.

"I reckon it was easy walkin' to her own home,
Even a limpin'.
I've kept 'em eight months now,
An' Evvie wanted to get moved and shaped up
'Fore the baby come.

"Ef she wasn't so little. . . .
Girls used to marry at fifteen an' hold out at it,
But I don't b'lieve they's as little as Evvie.

"She says she'll be satisfied, 'cause it's Judd.
But she don't like that lonesome creek
Down there in the fork o' the mountains.

It's enough to make an owl hoot in daylight,
That place is;
An' Evvie'll be by herself a lot.

"The shack's more'n a mile from anybody.
It's on northy land too, so laurelly
It'd tangle a wild hog.
Judd's folks live the nighest,
But they've never took to Evvie.

"'Tain't fair to call her spiled,
But she's used to bein' made up to;
Hearin' all her life how purty she was,
An' her father bein' sort o' foolish about her.
When she went to school an' had that wheezin' in her chest,
He used to meet her, pushed as never was,
An' tote her halfway home pick-a-back.

"When Judd ast for her I said
He was big and strong, he'd take keer of her;
An' her daddy said yes, he was big as a house
An' strong as an ox,
An' that's what he was afraid of.

"Evvie can sew an' cook,
An' keep the house redd up nice,
But I got to say it she ain't much in a crop.
She'll drag the hoe ever' time.
An' that's why Judd's folks don't like her.
His mammy said Evvie'd learn something
Ef she tried settin' down 'round *her*
When the weeds was jumpin' in the corn.
'Purty won't fill the meal-sack,'
That's what she told Judd, an' Evvie heard her.

"Judd promised he wouldn't push her
Faster 'n she could go;
Leastways not now; but he's got a hard eye,
Blacker 'n dark o' the moon,
An' I've seen him look. . . .

"Limpin' now, an' got two months more.
But Judd was totin' the bundles.
Maybe it'll work out."

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

BLACK CHRISTMAS

"It is cruel for a woman with her man gone,
An' the younguns allus hungry, an' winter comin' on."

I thought the feud was ended last Christmas Day,
When Darrell sent the preacher to the Galloways to say
That they could come and get him, if they had a mind:
He was done with rifle-totin' for his fellow-kind.
An' a year gone by, with everythin' *thet still;*
An' never once a Galloway on our side the hill.
Oh I was glad this mornin' when Dal hollered up to me
To sen' the younguns runnin' to help him fetch a tree.
"There's a fine young balsam by the wood-house shed,
An' we'll have it in for Christmas, like we used to do!" he said.
I watched him drop the saplin' with a single stroke;
An' the snow all whirlin' round him like a shinin' smoke;
While the younguns tumbled, and laughed, and sang:
Then someone shouted sudden—an' a rifle rang.
Now the folks are gatherin' to bring him from the shed;
An' I got to stop denyin' that my man is dead.

DUBOSE HEYWARD.

THE BLOCKADER*

He stands, the symbol of the things that were,
When he, and Daniel Boone, first claimed these hills.
Plying his ancient trade above the stir
Of spreading life, the agony of mills,
While demagogues herd cattle to the poll
To break old promises, and while we see
Stout fibres slacken; in his stubborn soul
Beats the old, blind desire to be free.

Into the wilderness among the first
He came. His bloody foot-prints stained the snow
At Valley Forge. And always like a thirst,
Freedom to think and do, to come and go,
Burned in his throat. Unsatisfied with named
And labelled variants of liberty,
He kept the stinging essence unashamed;
Lived, and let live; or died, if that need be.

Behind the granite ramparts of a land
That no one wanted, still a pioneer,
He broke the forests, fighting hand to hand.
Then built a home, and hung his rifle there.
The German knew him, Mexico, and Spain,
Clear-eyed, untiring, and gaunt. He cares
As little for the revenue. It's plain
He's much too primitive for splitting hairs.

* The old mountain distiller, whose fight has been for the principle of personal liberty, has always referred to himself as a "Blockader." He is not to be confused with the post-Volstead "moonshiner."

Who knows but when the slate is clean again,
And wiser generations mock our age;
When force is spent to free, not shackle, *men,*
And youth has claimed its ancient heritage;
Up from the cities, eager pioneers
Will come invading his old fastnesses,
And find his children's sons the sturdy heirs
Of the unchanging, deathless verities.

DuBose Heyward.

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL

Life ripens swiftly in these lonely hills,
Ripens, then hangs long-withered on the bough.
Out of their ancient hates, relentless wills,
And unsaid loves, youth burgeons fierce and strong,
Ready for life when life has scarce begun;
Eager to spend its all and then be done.

So, as I gaze at Dorothea now,
Wind-blown against the cabin's weathered side,
Defiant, flushed, with bodice blowing wide,
And rain-soaked homespun skirt that cannot hide
The bold, strong, ardent curves of womanhood;
My exultation winces into pain.

Youth, splendid, careless, racing with the rain,
Laughing against the storm as it shouts by.
And yet, perhaps when I pass here again,
Hid from the heat of weathers, she will be
One of the sunken, burned-out lives I see
Here where the mountains shoulder to the sky.

So, as the storm goes smashing down the range,
Striking white fire from the smitten hills,
Swelling the falls and streams until it fills
The cove with giant's music, wild and strange,
The laugh she sends across the shaken air
Brings sudden tears; its very triumph sings
Of beauty so intense it cannot last
Beyond the transient day of fragile things
That brush us, like a wind from unseen wings,
And then are gathered up into the past.

DuBose Heyward.

THE MOUNTAIN WOMAN

Among the sullen peaks she stood at bay
And paid life's hard account from her small store.
Knowing the code of mountain wives, she bore
The burden of the days without a sigh;
And, sharp against the somber winter sky,
I saw her drive her steers afield each day.

Hers was the hand that sunk the furrows deep
Across the rocky, grudging southern slope.
At first youth left her face, and later, hope;
Yet through each mocking spring and barren fall,
She reared her lusty brood, and gave them all
That gladder wives and mothers love to keep.

And when the sheriff shot her eldest son
Beside his still, so well she knew her part,
She gave no healing tears to ease her heart;
But took the blow upstanding, with her eyes
As drear and bitter as the winter skies.
Seeing her then, I thought that she had won.

But yesterday her man returned too soon
And found her tending, with a reverent touch,
One scarlet bloom; and, having drunk too much,
He snatched its flame and quenched it in the dirt.
Then, like a creature with a mortal hurt,
She fell, and wept away the afternoon.

DuBose Heyward.

YOUR GIFTS

You could not give me toys in those bleak days;
So when my playmates proudly boasted theirs,
You caught me to the shelter of your arms,
And taught me how to laugh away my tears.
Having no books, you sang a shining word
Into my open palm, and closed it tight.
And some far God of Little Children heard,
And gave you of His best for my delight.
So, when the neighbors' children shouted by,
Their hired nurse-maids herding them like sheep;
Then, that old dauntless look of yours would leap,
And, leading me beneath the western skies,
You woke their mirrored glory in my eyes.

And there were nights; do you remember still?
Forgetting playthings we could never buy,
We journeyed out beyond the farthest hill,
Adventuring along the evening sky,
And you would teach the meaning of the stars.
Not the dull purpose vaguely guessed by sages,
And catalogued in musty study-books.
But wild, fantastic legends of lost ages,
That none but their Creator ever knew,

And that He whispered only once to one
Frail, lonely mother—and that mother—you.

Now autumn years are blowing swiftly by,
And I come empty-handed from my quest;
Save for a captured wraith of sunset sky,
A star or two, and last and loveliest,
The little shining word you gave to me:
Treasures no human hand may ever hold.
But you first knew their wonder and their worth;
You who have made me rich with more than gold.

DuBose Heyward.

A CONVERSATIONAL NEIGHBOR

When it was said that she was dead,
We were inclined at first to doubt it;
We felt we knew, if it were true,
That she would have told us all about it.

Richard R. Kirk.

STATUE INSCRIBED "LEE," RICHMOND

Here where Virginia's storied river runs
Down quiet aisles of shadow; where retreat
Drove the spent hosts through many a ruined street;
Where broke his weary last grey garrisons,
He rides unmoving. Not Napoleon's
Young brow wore victory as he wears defeat.
No more upon his sorrowing heart shall beat
Dull tramp of troops or sullen roar of guns.
For him who made fair flowers of friendship grow
Out of the dust of envy, wrath and malice,

--cclaim is empty: for his majesty,
His strength, his gentleness in overthrow,
One word holds all our praise as in a chalice—
All, all our trust, our love, our reverence—"Lee!"

MARY SINTON LEITCH.

HEPZIBAH OF THE CENT SHOP

Can you not see her as she sat of old
In that New England house of many gables,
The shop a medley of dust-covered chairs,
Old books, what-nots and many-legged tables?
Scowling, she looked upon the elm outside,
Then turned her gaze abruptly and in dread,—
A jew's harp, six pearl buttons on a card,
An elephant of crumbly gingerbread;
Striped candies in a tinsel-covered box,
Some hooks and eyes, a child's gay spinning top,—
Some of the things that caught her restless eyes,
To sell for pennies in the musty shop.

Miss Hepzibah, the scion of a proud
And honoured family; her bony frame
Dressed in black silk, now shiny at the seams;
She muses on the chance by which she came
To this dull fate, aristocratic, old
And doomed by poverty and heritage
To stand apart and read life's book, perhaps,
But never see her name upon its page.

The Cent Shop and its windows looking out
Upon the Pyncheon elm, the narrow street;
And Hepzibah with hands against her breast
Retreating from the sound of children's feet,

Or shrinking at the bell's re-echoing clang,
As frowzy housewife enters to demand
Dried yeast, and failing this commodity
To shake at Hepzibah a threatening hand.

A picture that is dimmed by time . . . but still
I hear old Clifford's shuffling on the stair,
And open windows bring me Phoebe's laugh,
Or Holgrave's heavy voice blows on the air . . .
Miss Hepzibah, who lived beneath the scowl
Of portraitured old Pyncheon, time may wipe
You from the minds of others, but you stay
With me a paling, wan daguerreotype.

VIRGINIA MCCORMICK.

THE OLD NAME

"Leader" they have called you—they who followed in your lead—
A "comrade" in their danger and a "friend" in every need;
But, "Master" and "Marse Robert" of an unforgetting fame,
Did your soldiers' grandsons greet you by the old familiar name?

When the Bridge of Bifrost bended underneath those soundless feet
Which the opal gates of Asgard flung their portals far to meet,
Were you waiting with the Bayard, Garibaldi, Galahad,
To hail, among the heroes, every soft-voiced southern lad?

With the Shamrock and the Lion and the western Maple Leaf,
And the Eagle and Italia and the Golden Lily sheaf,
At the gates of great Valhalla, within echo of the guns,
Did you seek each one, Marse Robert, of your soldiers' soldier-sons?

Did you know each one, Marse Robert, by the trick of eyes or speech,
By the courtliness of conduct which the States of Sunshine teach?
Did they give the gallant greeting of the men who wore the Gray?—
They who wore the younger Khaki thirty-hundred miles away?—

They who fell by flame in Flanders, dreaming of the daffodils
In the misty April moonlight on the old Virginia hills?—
They who saw the southern starlight silvering the palms again,
On a Carolina coastline, while they died for lost Lorraine?

They were over-young, Marse Robert, like the lads of your campaigns—
They who held the tired trenches underneath the snows and rains—
And it would have been like sunlight from the Dixieland they love,
Had you met them at the portals of Valhalla's halls above.

For it may be they are lonely in those hero-haunted ways
Where so many an immortal dreams again of mortal days.
You, who were both loved and leader, you, who could both comprehend
And command their fathers' fathers, too, their sons could best befriend.

So we think of you as waiting where Valhalla's wondrous vale
Opens all its golden glory to the ones who win their Grail.
And, "Master" and "Marse Robert" of an unforgetting fame,
Do your soldiers' grandsons greet you by the old, belovéd name?

KADRA MAYSI.

UMBRELLA JIM

Umbrella Jim,
About the time I knew him best,
Was probably somewhere between
Thirty and forty years of age,—
Tall and slim,
A fellow of the Whistler type,
With infinite depth of eyes
Blue and ripe
And healing as late June skies.
Nobody ever would have guessed,
Looking into that serene
Countenance,
That Jim was anything but a sage,
And that is how I classified him at a glance,—

That is in advance
Of any information concerning him
And his life's romance;
But Jim
Was something vastly more
Than just a sage.
Whether from heritage
Or long experience under the open sky,
I can not tell,
But like the recondite Tagore,
He was a poet as well,
And a poet, high
In Nature's councils and lore,
And intimate in her dreams,
As birds and trees and streams
Could testify.

Still, so far as I know,
Jim never wrote a line
Of poetry in all of his career.
But he read it everywhere,—
In flaming columbine,
In magic mistletoe,
In Tennyson and Keats and Poe,
In Shelley and Lanier,—
He read it everywhere;
In golden sheaf
And falling leaf,
In earth and sea and air.

Once I heard a fellow say,
Who really didn't know Jim,
"I can't find an adequate synonym

To express my contempt for such fellahs
As him,—
I mean that chap who fixes old umbrellahs,"
Referring, of course, to Umbrella Jim.
And Jim had that very day
Repaired this man's silk umbrella and charged him only a dime,
Although it took a lot of his time
He could have used in moving onward toward a warmer clime,—
For Jim always went south in the fall
Exactly like a migratory bird.
I think he must have felt or heard
The call
And turned southward early in September,
For I remember
That he always reached our town with the grackle;
And somehow I came to associate the cackle
Of the blackbirds with Umbrella Jim.
But nothing in my opinion, would have pleased him
Better than just that.
The only time I ever saw him lose his head
Was once when a fellow, blind as a bat
To everything that Jim was looking at,
Cursed and said:
"Why don't you get a job and go to work!"
It was a biting and unjust remark,
And Jim resented it.
His brow grew dark;
He dropped his tinker's kit,
And gave his vest an angry jerk;
But in a moment more was just himself again,
As he looked up and saw a little wren

Pirouetting from limb to limb,
And flirting, it seemed to me, with Umbrella Jim.

"I live my life," said Jim,
"The same as any other man.
Somebody must fix parasols, and why not I?
I serve as best I can.
The millionaires play half the year
And more; why not indulge my whim?
I love the changing clouds against the sky;
I love the landscape that the asters beautify;
I love the song of streamlet flowing near;
The figure and the rhyme of sonneteer;
I love the poets in the open all the year."

He ceased to speak and opened up his old tool kit.
I looked at him and then I looked in it,
And saw a grimy volume once my favorite.

Next day while I was playing golf and Jim
Was sitting where he always loved to sit,
Beside a stream, beneath an old elm tree,
I placed my golf-ball on the tee
And drove,—
I drove it with terrific vim.
And then I watched the fleck of white till it grew dim.
Gaston exclaimed, "By Jove,
That drive was certainly a dream!"
Just as the ball dropped in the stream
Not more than ten feet distant from Umbrella Jim.
I hardly heard what my companion said.
Quite undisturbed the poet munched his crust of bread,
And as he munched he read.

Read many times a poem that I used to love
Before I ever heard of golf or tees.
It was the Ballad of the Master and the Trees.
That night I pondered long about Umbrella Jim,
And now I always tip my hat to him.

COTTON NOE.

THE MISSES POAR DRIVE TO CHURCH

Out from the tall plantation gate
Issue the Misses Poar in state.
Neatly darned are their black silk mitts,
And straight each stately sister sits.
Their carriage-dresses, brushed and steamed,
Cover their decent limbs; they seemed
No finer, really, before the War
When money was free in the house of Poar.
The negro coachman in beaver hat,
Slightly nibbled by moth and rat,
Smooths his frock-coat of greenish hue,—
But fitting as trim as when it was new—
With which he stiffens his spine of pride
By tightly buttoning himself inside
To drive in this elegant equipage
A yoke of oxen of doubtful age.
(They've had no horses since sixty-four
When the Yankees stopped at the house of Poar.)

The ladies move to the square front pew,
Their Christian meekness in ample view,
And follow the youthful parson's word
With reverence meet for a legate of God
Up to the moment when he prates

Of the President of the United States;
Then, knowing full well that Heaven can't
Expect them to pray for General Grant,
They bury their noses' patrician hook
In dear Great-grand-papa's prayer-book,
Wherein are found urbane petitions
To guard the Crown against seditions
And rest King Charles the Martyr's soul.
Not that they hold King Charles so dear,
Although their blood is Cavalier,
But it suits their piety, on the whole,
Better to pray for the Restoration
Than the overseer of a patch-work nation.

JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY.

JUDITH OF BETHULIA

Beautiful as the flying legend of some leopard,
She had not yet chosen her great captain or prince
Depositary to her flesh, and our defence;
And a wandering beauty is a blade out of its scabbard.
You know how dangerous, gentlemen of threescore?
May you know it yet ten more.

Nor by process of veiling she grew the less fabulous.
Grey or blue veils, we were desperate to study
The invincible emanations of her white body,
And the winds at her ordered raiment were ominous.
Might she walk in the market, sit in the council of soldiers?
Only of the extreme elders.

But a rare chance was the girl's then, when the Invader
Trumpeted from the south, and rumbled from the north,

Beleaguered the city from four quarters of the earth,
Our soldiery too craven and sick to aid her—
Where were the arms could countervail his horde?
Her beauty was the sword.

She sat with the elders, and proved on their blear visage
How bright was the weapon unrusted in her keeping,
While he lay surfeiting on their harvest heaping,
Wasting the husbandry of their rarest vintage—
And dreaming of the broad-breasted dames for concubine?
These floated on his wine.

He was lapped with bay-leaves, and grass and fumiter
weed,
And from under the wine-film encountered his mortal
vision.
For even within his tent she accomplished his derision;
She loosed one veil and another, standing unafraid;
And he perished. Nor brushed her with even so much as
a daisy?
She found his destruction easy.

The heathen are all perished. The victory was furnished,
We smote them hiding in our vineyards, barns, annexes,
And now their white bones clutter the holes of foxes,
And the chieftain's head, with grinning sockets, and
varnished—
Is it hung on the sky with a hideous epitaphy?
No, the woman keeps the trophy.

May God send unto the virtuous lady her prince.
It is stated she went reluctant to that orgy,
Yet a madness fevers our young men, and not the clergy

Nor the elders have turned them unto modesty since.
Inflamed by the thought of her naked beauty with desire?
Yes, and chilled with fear and despair.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

UNDER THE LOCUSTS

What do the old men say,
Sitting out of the sun?
Many strange and common things,
And so would any one.

Locust trees are sorry shade,
They are good enough;
Locust trees are sweet in spring
For trees so old and tough.

Dick's a sturdy little lad
Yonder throwing stones;
Agues and rheumatic pains
Will fiddle on his bones.

Grinny Bob is out again
Begging for a dime;
Niggers haven't any souls,
Grinning all the time.

Jenny and Will go arm in arm.
He's a lucky fellow;
Jenny's cheeks are pink as rose,
Her mother's cheeks are yellow.

War is on, the paper says,
Wounds and enemies;
Now young gallivanting bucks
Will know what trouble is.

Parson's coming up the hill,
Meaning mighty well;
Thinks he's preached the doubters down.
And old men never tell.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

POE'S MOTHER

It's something to be born at sea, as I
Was born. Earth fails to get full clutch on you.
You keep a certain cleanliness of depths—
Soul, self-respect, you call it what you like.
There's evil in the sea, but cleaner evil,
Chasms of swallowing ultramarine, cold, cold,
Where pulsing moons and devil-fish like stars
May eat you, but crystal-blooded, without passion.
The ocean always keeps about your neck
One tentacle, sucks gently at your veins
Until you yield and lapse to him once more.

I love such crazy fancies, early mornings,
When nothing's very real. The babies sleeping
Safe islanded in small worlds of their own;
And two good hours before the wench comes in
With tea (her tea *tastes* surly), and the *Courier;*
The sea-breeze, slitting through the broken shutter,
Magnolias, too far off to sicken one,
Across the balcony where, strung with vines,
The metal twists a lyre! Eddie saw it—

That child sees everything. This is the hour
I love, the unrealest hour of all the day,
When beauty's more than stage-plays, when ill-will
And debts and duns, and even the superbities
Of that damned Beaumont woman (not a chance
Of any decent part with her), and even—
And even David—O God, where is he now?—
Forsake me like a tide that's going out.

My cough itself grows better in this air;
Mild, vivid Charleston April, lax and salty
As gusts from sea-flowers. Lying half-alive
I watch the sky grow saffron, bluish-pink,
Like colored drawings travelers bring from Venice
Or pearl-crimped shells from Caribbean islands.
For these two hours I can forgive the world,
Forgive myself. Why, when my mind needs comfort
Must it flow always to that same old season
Two years ago, as though that promised me
Some unsuspected, some—*foreboding* good—
Good prismed with darkness? *Yes.* We played in Boston
Together. Eddie came. I hardly rested.
Oh, gentles, think that I played Juliet!
Would you believe it? Could you fancy it?

Juliet, the girl whom everybody loves.
Why has the world conspired to clothe its dream
Of utter beauty in a velvet pall,
With pallid velvet tapers, head and feet,
In Capulet's monument? Perhaps to claim
That beauty is real, the flaws are accidents.
Or, it may be, since this world must be damned,
A foredoomed planet (that's what Beaumont tells me),
To stand (I love that) on the defiant thesis
That death itself can be adorable.

Two years ago I never had such thoughts.
It seemed quite natural the world should love us—
Juliet was I and I was Juliet,
Not dead but dreaming, living, to bring forth life.
(If ever there was a love-child it was Eddie).
We quarreled and we hated but, merciful heaven,
What difference does that make when people love
Each other? Yes, and Juliet too—who knows,
Who knows that she was not a rose in bud
As well?

Oh, elegant and poetic way
To put the ugliest miracle in life!
Don't let me think of that—that's waiting for me!
Ungainliness and sickness, sickness, anguish,
And David gone, and grinding weariness
Of making both ends meet. Let me get the good
Of these two unreal hours. Let me be quiet.
The only bearable things in life are dreams.

A queer man, that man Beaumont, brittle, white
As chalk without his make-up, with an ear
Cocked over his shoulder, listening, so you'd say,
For that strange slow disease that's killing him.
Always implying, surmising love to me—
Well, heaven knows, he must be sick enough
Of second fiddle to his Olympian missus,
New-lighted, like a goddess from her car,
From Covent Garden. Most, he slinks aside,
A well-kicked dog, to work on plays no playhouse
Will risk. I dropped a friendly word one day.
He smiled. "Don't pity me, my lovely Betsey,
Blood of its martyrs is the seed of art . . .
Has it occurred to you that Something throws

Our moods at us, our churning, troubled backgrounds,
As stage mechanics throw their rays and shadows,
To work, not good to us, but His effects?"
I asked, "Do you mean God?" He laughed this time.
And I: "If trouble's all the gifts it takes
Someday I'll try my hand at plays myself."
"Woman write plays? God gave them His first law
Of self-expression, never gave a second:
'Ladies, I beg you'll have the condescension—
Forgive my taste—to increase and multiply!'"
With such a grand Lord Orville kind of bow,
I had to laugh, though I was angry too.

Beaumont, the least attaching sort of man,
Why must he draw me? He takes me from myself?
His bitterness is whole as other's passion
And modulates his love, as wind and water
Enrich each other in a stormy picture.
Women he scorns, they barely save themselves
By being mothers. Once, he said, some poet
Proclaimed the sea the chariot of nature.
Was I, sea-born, meant only for the bringer,
The chariot of children? Will's no care,
All day he's with the young ones of the house,
But this strange other baby—

They talk of changelings,
Born with old memories. No child should live
The moods—they can't be thoughts—behind his eyes;
Crushed mulberry shadows washed around the lids.
I almost could believe God threw His shadows
Across my skies and worked my cloudy ferment
To shape this child.

He's born of Juliet's body!

It isn't me he wants, it's only love,
To feel himself alive in someone else.
He holds me off even while he clings to me,
His fingers on my mouth: "Sing, sing—not talk!"
What will become of him? I know, I know
The child's *alone!*

What will become of them? Two helpless children
And one more coming.—I mustn't think of that!
I mustn't cry. I'll wake them. Where's the paper,
The yesterday's, the slattern wench forgot?
Behind the bureau. Can I reach it? There.
Of course there's nothing but the bare announcement
Of our next play. The perfect Charleston manner,
To look with distant, not unfriendly eyes
On those quaint animals, the player-folk,
But scarcely serve them with the gentry's breakfast;
No puffs nor praises, though there have been pleas
That gentlemen who cluster in the wings
Should go, nor discommode the actresses,
Here's what I'm looking for. *"The Winter's Tale."*
(I'm Mopsa). "Mrs. Beaumont's Benefit."
When will that woman go and let me play
More than a maid, a Mog, a mountebank?
Before she came they gave me *Lady Teazle,*
Lydia.
Oh God, I once was Juliet!

Don't think of that! What else? A hundred boxes
Of Cheese, true Pate-Grasse. And, Lor', I wish
Some friend remembered me! *Lines to a Chimney Sweeper.*

The Lottery for the Presbyterian Church,
To "raise an edifice to the most HIGH."
Some likely negro wenches to be hired.
I wish I had one. I'd dress her to the life
As Beaumont-Roxalana in *The Sultan.*
Oh look! At Mrs. Henry's, Elliot Street,
Brought by the brig *Eliza,* straight from London,
Rosettes and Silver Bandoes, Jaconet,
Gauze, Lawns and Tiffany, and Garden fans
With sticks of ivory, and Brunswick Slippers.
White Brunswick Slippers! Mine are over-run
And both the buckles tarnished. Jaconet,
So sweet for tunics with a Highland ribbon
On little boys. Oh Lord, oh Lord—

That's me!
I'll cry as hard as that for anything:
My cough, a part, David, my soul's salvation,
Or all the sorrows of this wicked world,
As for a length of gauze! That's Betsey Arnold.
I know how those Aeolean things must feel
They rig on our piazza. Any breath
Will set me off. Oh hush, you idiot fool!
You couldn't tell to save your precious neck
Which one you're crying for. Most like the slippers,
With heels to challenge feathers in your hair
Which is the lightest; so that Beaumont's eyes
May follow you with human moisture in them.
What would it be to love a man like that,
A man who works, who's bitter-true and genuine
As men are only in romantic plays?
As real as unreality.

We hate
His wife with perfect and voluptuous hatred . . .
But what's the good? He wouldn't be the end.
I'd hanker after some archangel next,
Riding his fiery charger through the sunset.
All, all my life I've wanted the next highest
To feel myself dragged back—the silver chains
Of seas, or jet-black chains of this vile earth!
How many, many things one mustn't think of!
A ravening horde of thoughts that long to stamp
Above my pitiful drift-fire, put it out—

There now, I've waked him!
No, he mustn't cry!
Don't cry, my little, little, darling lamb!
His mother'll wrap him in the counterpane,
The pretty white-and-purple patchwork thing,
And rock him on the balcony. She'll sing
Of cities in the water, just like this,
And flowers that bloom when everyone's asleep;
And he shall watch the steeples, and the point
Of that long heaving island, and the sunrise
That catches every color on the marsh.
She'll make the whole world pretty for him! Yes—
We'll sing—not talk . . . we'll sing. . . .

Beatrice Ravenel.

A SELF-SERVER

Such was his greed of life and dread of the voidness of the tomb,
That he bade us bury a clock with him, in the grave's gloom;

A clock that would run a year and a day, after his heart
stopt.
Open the coffin. Look. He listens to it, with lids dropt.

Look at his brow. It is so still he will be sure to hear
As he turns to dust the strange tick of an unallotted year.
He ever wanted more than his share of everything, and so
Has taken a year of time with him, after his time to go.

Look at his face, so callous and contemptuous of worth,
So earthy that it is strange he dreaded at last the still
earth.
Forgetful of all soul-things he has gone to the soul's clime,
And has taken with him only the pale posthumous tick of
time.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

DANIEL BOONE'S LAST LOOK WESTWARD

I'm only four score year, my sons, and a few
To fill the measure up. And so I shouldn't
Be shut here like an old hound by the fire
To dream of deeds I still have wind to do.
Maybe I have performed enough for one man;
For there's Kentucky cut from the wilderness
And sewed fast to the States by law and order—
Which I'm not sayin' isn't good for them
Who like pullin' in harness with their neighbors.
But I keep seein' trails,—runnin' to westward
And northwest,—Indian-footed trails
That no white man has ever pierced an eye through;
And beyond them are prairie lands and forests
Which settlers comin' after me could scalp

And sell, if silver is the game they're seekin':
And the Almighty means my eyes to see them,
Else He'd have made my sight dim and rheumy
By now—and where's the deer or bear that gambols
Before my gun and goes away to say so?

It's kind of shiftless maybe, I'll allow,
To want to keep always *beyond* the settlements
Not *in* them: ten near families is too many.
But the Lord never meant the plow to be
My instrument: I get to the end of a furrow
And there's the wilderness waitin', all creation,
And I just have to find a path across it—
As your ma, there, knows; though I never could tell her
The reason, till they took Kentucky in.

And then I saw the cunnin' to be wise
With animals and savage was more
Than love of powder and shot; and that God used
My axe to hew a realm out. And there's more realms
Yet to be hewed—and God's grindin' the axes,
I'll tell you that. For, young Lewis and Clark,
Sons of my two old friends, are comin' tomorrow
With unblazed trails of the Northwest in their eyes;
And who knows but that land's as big as Kentucky
And Illinois too; and that they're comin'
For more than to look at an old hound by the fire?
There's one run in me yet; and if I died
Somewhere upon a far new trail with them,
There's a coffin-board saved—and I'd sleep better . . .
Unless your ma, this time, wouldn't be willin'
To pack my kit and draw the latch of the door.

She won't eh? Then it's dodderin' here, I reckon,
And dreamin'. Put a fresh log on, and let be.
Young Lewis and Clark will need a-many like me, though,
Before they hew that Northwest into the world.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

LEE

As Arthur is to England,
As Roland is to France,
Beyond the range of time and change,—
Immortal as Romance,—
America, whose heritage
Of heroes is your crown,
Forever shall the fame of Lee
Be one with your renown.

O Land, his chivalry of heart
In all your glory gleams;
And from afar his spirit's star
Dawns through your noblest dreams;
Who through eternal years shall mean,
In your superb advance,
What Arthur is to England,
What Roland is to France.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE.

THE NEGRO

Look down, look down dat lonesome road
Whah me and my pardner's got to go. . . .

NEGRO SONG.

GAMESTERS ALL

The river boat had loitered down its way;
The ropes were coiled, and business for the day
Was done. The cruel noon closed down
And cupped the town.
Stray voices called across the blinding heat,
Then drifted off to shadowy retreat
Among the sheds.
The waters of the bay
Sucked away
In tepid swirls, as listless as the day.
Silence closed about me, like a wall,
Final and obstinate as death.
Until I longed to break it with a call,
Or barter life for one deep, windy breath.

A mellow laugh came rippling
Across the stagnant air,
Lifting it into little waves of life.
Then, true and clear,
I caught a snatch of harmony;
Sure lilting tenor, and a drowsing bass,
Elusive chords to weave and interlace,
And poignant little minors, broken short,
Like robins calling June—
And then the tune:
"Oh, nobody knows when de Lord is goin' ter call,
Roll dem bones.

It may be in de Winter time, and maybe in de Fall,
Roll dem bones.
But yer got to leabe yer baby an yer home an all—
So roll dem bones,
Oh my brudder,
Oh my brudder,
Oh my brudder,
Roll dem bones!"

There they squatted, gambling away
Their meagre pay;
Fatalists all.
I heard the muted fall
Of dice, then the assured,
Retrieving sweep of hand on roughened board.

I thought it good to see
Four lives so free
From care, so indolently sure of each tomorrow,
And hearts attuned to sing away a sorrow.

Then, like a shot
Out of the hot
Still air, I heard a call:
"Throw up your hands! I've got you all!
It's thirty days for craps.
Come, Tony, Paul!
Now, Joe, don't be a fool!
I've got you cool."

I saw Joe's eyes, and knew he'd never go.
Not Joe, the swiftest hand in River Bow!
Springing from where he sat, straight, cleanly made,

He soared, a leaping shadow from the shade
With fifty feet to go.
It was the stiffest hand he ever played.
To win the corner meant
Deep, sweet content
Among his laughing kind;
To lose, to suffer blind,
Degrading slavery upon "the gang,"
With killing suns, and fever-ridden nights
Behind relentless bars
Of prison cars.

He hung a breathless second in the sun,
The staring road before him. Then, like one
Who stakes his all, and has a gamester's heart.
His laughter flashed.
He lunged—I gave a start.
God! What a man!
The massive shoulders hunched, and as he ran
With head bent low, and splendid length of limb,
I almost felt the beat
Of passionate life that surged in him
And winged his spurning feet.

And then my eyes went dim.
The Marshal's gun was out.
I saw the grim
Short barrel, and his face
Aflame with the excitement of the chase.
He was an honest sportsman, as they go.
He never shot a doe,
Or spotted fawn,
Or partridge on the ground.

And, as for Joe,
He'd wait until he had a yard to go.
Then, if he missed, he'd laugh and call it square.
My gaze leapt to the corner—waited there.
And now an arm would reach it. I saw hope flare
Across the runner's face.

Then, like a pang
In my own heart,
The pistol rang.

The form I watched soared forward, spun the curve.
"By God, you've missed!"
The Marshal shook his head.
No, there he lay, face downward in the road.
"I reckon he was dead
Before he hit the ground,"
The Marshal said.
"Just once, at fifty feet,
A moving target too.
That's just about as good
As any man could do!
A little tough;
But, since he ran,
I call it fair enough."

He mopped his head, and started down the road.
The silence eddied round him, turned and flowed
Slowly back and pressed against the ears,
Until unnumbered flies set it to droning,
And, down the heat, I heard a woman moaning.

DuBose Heyward.

SAVANNAH RIVER

Oh, de yaller, muddy, lazy, ol' Savannah,
A-swingin' an' a-singin' to de sea—
A-swingin' pas' de cabin o' mah childhood,
A-singin' to de happy heart o' me!

De preacher all time preachin' 'bout de Jurdan—
I lissense wid respeck to whut he say . . .
Good Baptises is boun' to be respeckful,
'Cause dey got to git to Heaven de river way!

So I don' do no 'sputin' 'bout de Jurdan—
Naw, I don' give de preacher no back talk,
But . . . I keeps wonderin' whut he know 'bout rivers,
'Cause dey ain't no wuth-while rivers roun' New Yawk!

De Hudson and de Harlem bofe is *rivers*—
At leas' de folks around heah calls 'em so,
But ef dey jes' could see de ol' Savannah,
Dey wouldn't call *dem* rivers—not no mo'!

Believe me, man, dat is a sho-nuff river!
Cyarn' skyurcely see acrost it, so wide!
An' *deep!* Dat river jes' ain' got no bottom—
Leas' dey ain' foun' it yet, de ones whut tried!

Is it got fish? You make me laugh, man!
It's de fishinest river dat you ever see!
Jes' drap yo' hook—don' skyurcely haf to bait it,
An' you got fish fo' dinner, believe *me!*

Braggin'? Who—*me?* How come you sesso? Nossuh,
I ain't no han' fo' braggin'—not a-tall!
But—'scusin', mebbe, of de river Jordan!
De ol' Savannah River beats 'em all!

How come I lef' it, den, you ups an' ax me?
Why, Lawsy! me, mahself, don't skyurcely know!
De young, dey wanders—always seekin', seekin'—
But home is whah de ol' ones wants to go!

Oh, de yaller, muddy, lazy, ol' Savannah,
A-swingin', an' a-singin' to de sea—
I heah it singin' still an' still a-callin'
A-callin' to de homesick heart o' me!

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY.

LILL' ANGELS

Mammy rocks the baby
In the wallflower-colored gloom,
All the floor rocks with her
And the slumber of the room.
Like the broad, unceasing trade-wind,
Like the rivers underground,
Rolls the universal rhythm
And the rich primeval sound:
All de lill' angels,
All de baby's angels,
Swingin' on de tree;
Forty-one lill' angel,
Fifty-two lill' angel,
Sixty-fo' lill' angel,
Sebbenty-t'ree. . . .

In the glory of the sundown
  Of the wallflower-colored skies
I can see her vast Assumption
  In a cloud of cherubs' eyes.
With their gold-persimmon haloes,
  Where the ripest sunlight falls
And the cherub-tree's espaliered
  On the winking crystal walls—
    Little yaller angels,
    Piccaninny angels,
      Chuckle on the tree.
    Forty-one lill' angel,
    Fifty-two lill' angel,
    Sixty-fo' lill' angel,
      Sebbenty-t'ree. . . .

BEATRICE RAVENEL.

"BROTHER"

I do not think the rearing of her brood
Caused Effie much anxiety, although
Their food meant endless labor at the tubs.
Brother was eldest of the noisy tribe,
Swarming about her like so many flies,
To which each passing year contributed
Another.
  "Effie," asked a patron once,
"How can it be that all your children are
A different color?"
  "My Gawd, honey,
Dey got a right, for evy one of dem
Is got a diffrunt paw!" And then she said,
"Dey worries at me so dat if it warn't

I fears de law, I'd sholy cut de thoats
Of evy one of dem!"
The visitor
In scandalized amusement quoted this
Above the teacups late that afternoon,
And there was laughter, and the rustling sound
Of costly garments stirred by winds of mirth,
And a sweet voice cried,
"Oh, how terrible!
But aren't they funny?"
Still, it must be said
For Effie that her children never lacked
For food, and that she fed them by her toil.
Brother's complexion took that festive shade
Known as "high yellow." He was short and thin,
But strong, and of an agile wiriness.
There was a school to which he might have gone,
But he did not, and no one cared.
"It made
No difference."
That is one view of it.
As he grew up he learned to cut the grass
On the green lawns up town, and pull the weeds
Out of the flower beds, and carry coal,
And be of service in a score of ways.
Flowers he loved, and so they grew for him
In sandy places, and in shady spots
Where people said no flowers could ever thrive.
One sweltering summer when a parching drought
Threatened the growing friends he loved so well,
He carried water for them tirelessly.
"Seem lak dey look, en ax me fer a drink!"
He said, in explanation of his toil.
Children, and music too, he loved.

Now there
Are men who walk respected through this world,
With no loves in their hearts as pure as these.

Brother had other talents. Deference
Was paid him for his knowledge of the "bones,"
And all their chance peculiarities.
"Brother kin sho *talk* to dem bones!" they said
Of him in dusky circles where he moved.
Also he knew that grim commodity
Which those who traffic in such wares call "snow,"
But in no wise resembling God's own snow
Except in color.

Then the bootleggers
Found Brother useful too, for he was small,
And very quick, and best of all, he knew
How to "Lie low, and keep his mouth shut."
"If
You want the *real* stuff, that yellow boy
The darkies all call 'Brother,' is the man
For you to see."
But on one winter night
Things did not go so well. Some one had squealed,
And the police were there. There was a brawl,
Shouts in the dark, and running feet, and shots,—
Confusion vast and terrible to one
Whose sole reaction to authority
Was fear of punishment, and Brother found
Escape cut off, and foes on every side.
Driven and desperate, he pulled a knife,
And stabbed a young policeman to his death.

They tried him early in a blustering March,
Convicted him and sentenced him to die.

Effie was there, and heard the sentence read.
She wailed, and called on God to help her son,
And then went home, and drowned her woes in gin.

One April morning when the air was soft,
And throbbing with birds' cries, just as the sun
Appeared, a sinister procession formed
Within gray prison walls. Two guards in front,
And then a sad faced chaplain reading prayers,
And then the prison doctor, and behind,
Two wardens with a small and shrunken form
Between them.
To a dirty ashen shade
Had the "high yellow" faded, and the step,
So quick in kindness, and so light in sin,
Grown slow and heavy, but the march went on.
No sound from Brother but his shuffling feet. . . .
Some strange paralysis compact of fear
And vague incomprehension of the swift
Crime, and swifter punishment which brought
This retribution on him, who had not
In all his life wished harm to any man,
Held his tongue silent, and no one can tell
What waves of surging memories there beat
Upon his dull half-savage consciousness. . . .
His mother's face, perhaps, above the tubs;
The low-voiced, furtive man who sold him "snow";
The flowers that he watered, and the child,
"Miss Annie's baby," who had loved to walk
Prattling, beside him while he cut the grass;
A soft breast in the dark, the smell of musk,
And all the swift excitement of the flesh;
The friendly gentleman who sent him for

The whiskey; or the church choir where he sang
In proper dignity on Sunday night. . . .
Phantasmagoric snatches of a life
Cursed to this end before it was begun.

With still no sound, the path to death he walked,
But at the end a seat had been prepared,
A seat whose ghastly comfort roused him from
His lethargy, for just before the last
Strap was adjusted, thrilled a broken voice . . .

"Oh Marse Jesus, Oh please suh, forgive me!
Oh Marse Jesus, please suh, Oh Marse Jesus."

The slight form strained and slackened, strained again . . .
Brother had paid, with Christ's name on his lips.

VIRGINIA LYNE TUNSTALL.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

Firefly

(A Song)

A little light is going by,
Is going up to see the sky,
A little light with wings.

I never could have thought of it,
To have a little bug all lit
And made to go on wings.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

AT THE WATER

I liked to go to the branch today;
I liked to play with the wiggletails there.
And five little smells and one big smell
Were going round in the air.

One was the water, a little cold smell,
And one was mud and that was more,
And one was the smell of cool wet moss,
And one was some fennel up on the shore.

And the one big smell came out of the mint,
And one was something I couldn't tell.
And the five little ones and the big one
All went together very well.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

If Bethlehem were here today,
Or this were very long ago,
There wouldn't be a winter time
Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate,
And down along the pasture walk;
And off beside the cattle barns
I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain
And pull away the wooden pin;
I'd push the door a little bit
And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens
And all the cows would stand away;
Their eyes would open wide to see
A lady in the manger hay,

If this were very long ago
And Bethlehem were here today.

And Mother held my hand and smiled—
I mean the lady would—and she
Would take the woolly blankets off
Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep,
And he would look like our John,
And he would be all crumpled too,
And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out.
His little clothes would all be white.
I'd slip my finger in his hand
To feel how he could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say, "Take care,"
The mother, Mary, would, "Take care";
And I would kiss his little hand
And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back
The gentle talk would soon begin.
And when I'd tiptoe softly out
I'd meet the wise men going in.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS.

MILKING TIME

When supper time is almost come,
But not quite here, I cannot wait,
And so I take my china mug
And go down by the milking gate.

The cow is always eating shucks
And spilling off the little silk.
Her purple eyes are big and soft—
She always smells like milk.

And Father takes my mug from me,
And then he makes the stream come out.
I see it going in my mug
And foaming all about.

And when it's piling very high,
And when some little streams commence
To run and drip along the sides,
He hands it to me through the fence.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS.

MR. WELLS

On Sunday morning, then he comes
To church, and everybody smells
The blacking and the toilet soap
And camphor balls from Mr. Wells.

He wears his whiskers in a bunch,
And wears his glasses on his head.
I mustn't call him Old Man Wells—
No matter—that's what Father said.

And when the little blacking smells
And camphor balls and soap begin
I do not have to look to know
That Mr. Wells is coming in.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS.

THE BUTTERBEAN TENT

All through the garden I went and went,
And I walked in under the butterbean tent.

The poles leaned up like a good tepee
And made a nice little house for me.

I had a hard brown clod for a seat,
And all outside was a cool green street.

A little green worm and a butterfly
And a cricket-like thing that could hop went by.

Hidden away there were flocks and flocks
Of bugs that could go like little clocks.

Such a good day it was when I spent
A long, long while in the butterbean tent.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS.

THE SEARCHING SPIRIT

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

PRONOUNS

The Lord said,
"Say, 'We'";
But I shook my head,
Hid my hands tight behind my back, and said,
Stubbornly,
"I."

The Lord said,
"Say, 'We'";
But I looked upon them, grimy and all awry.
Myself in all those twisted shapes? Ah, no!
Distastefully I turned my head away,
Persisting,
"They."

The Lord said,
"Say, 'We'";
And I,
At last,
Richer by a hoard
Of years
And tears,
Looked in their eyes and found the heavy word
That bent my neck and bowed my head:
Like a shamed schoolboy then I mumbled low,
"We,
Lord."

KARLE WILSON BAKER.

SILVER POPLARS

God wrote His loveliest poem on the day
He made the first tall silver poplar tree,
And set it high upon a pale-gold hill
For all the new enchanted earth to see.

I think its beauty must have made Him glad,
And that He smiled at it—and loved it so—
Then turned in sudden sheer delight and made
A dozen silver poplars in a row.

Mist-green and white against a turquoise sky,
A-shimmer and a-shine they stood at noon;
A misty silver loveliness at night
Breathless beneath the first small wistful moon.

And then God took the music of the winds,
And set each leaf a-flutter and a-thrill—
Today I read His poem word by word
Among the silver poplars on the hill.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL.

ECCLESIASTICUS

I saw Ecclesiasticus
Shelling a pod of a wind-dried pea.
The little seeds would grow, he said,
If only he planted them prayerfully.

When gardeners had turned the sod,
And furrows were divinely moist,

He asked the blessing of the Lord,
And vowed the saints on high rejoiced.

When rains dripped sweet, and suns beat warm,
And little peas with being stirred,
Ecclesiasticus, in the shade,
Wrote emendations on the Word.

The green things grew—with due compost
Gardeners had enriched the soil.
"Behold" Ecclesiasticus said,
"The harvest of Thy servant's toil."

And when the peas were blossoming,
He bade that blooms should counted be.
The priestly census-takers found
There were eighteen thousand and sixty-three.

"God works in many a wondrous way!"
He boomed, hearing the gay results,
And, girding up his bishoply paunch,
Assailed nineteen heretic cults.

When certain little bugs came forth
With irreligious appetite,
Gardeners offered Paris Green,
But he—"We are sinners in His sight."

To gardeners, scouting for the table,
God gave few peas for their reward,
But anyway he had roasted chicken
And thanked the mercy of the Lord.

DONALD DAVIDSON.

OVER NIGHT, A ROSE

That over night a rose could come
I, one time did believe,
For when the fairies live with one,
They wilfully deceive.
But now I know this perfect thing
Under the frozen sod
In cold and storm grew patiently
Obedient to God.
My wonder grows, since knowledge came
Old fancies to dismiss;
And courage comes. Was not the rose
A winter doing this?
Nor did it know, the weary while,
What color and perfume
With this completed loveliness
Lay in that earthly tomb.
So maybe I, who cannot see
What God wills not to show,
May, some day, bear a rose for Him
It took my life to grow.

CAROLINE GILTINAN.

THE THIRTEENTH STATION

Once you journeyed with Him, Mary—
With your Son Who died for me—
Sharing all He had to suffer
On the way to Calvary.

With the expiation over,
When they laid Him on your breast,
Did a little gladness tremble
That, at last, your Son could rest?

Mother Mary, had you comfort
Though He lay there, dead and torn,
Taking from the Head of Jesus
That embedded crown of thorn?

CAROLINE GILTINAN.

THERE MAY, OF COURSE, BE MICE

What substitute for mouse and rat
Will heaven provide for dog and cat?

What substitute for cat and cur,
If heaven abhor both yelp and purr?

What substitute for us (to boot)
If we refuse that substitute,

And leave the many-mansioned House
For dog and cat and rat and mouse?

RICHARD R. KIRK.

DOUBTING

I cannot bear the Spring this year,
The jonquils' golden rout;
And each cool purple crocus cup
Renews my poignant doubt.

Still it must be through doubt I live,
Doubt that you come no more,
Doubt that another year may find
Another golden store.

So shall I doubt through all the years
Till death bring my reprieve,
And from my dust a crocus bud
Is calling "I believe."

VIRGINIA MCCORMICK.

FAITH

I may not put my finger forth
And touch the wounds of One who died,
Nor thrust a skeptic hand within
His piercéd side.

And yet I know Christ lives although
I have not found the tomb's blank space,
Nor heard the music of His voice,
Nor seen His face.

For if earth has no power to hold
The smallest seed hid deep in her,
How could they shut all *April* in
A sepulchre?

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

EPILOGUE

This wind upon my mouth, these stars I see,
The breathing of the night above the trees,
Not these nor anything my senses touch
Are real to me or worth the boon of breath.
But all the never-heard, the never-seen,
The just-beyond my hands can never reach,
These have a substance that is stout and sure,
These brace the unsubstantial sliding world,
And lend the evanescent actual
An air of life, a tint of worth and meaning.
Shall dust, fortuitously blown into
A curve of moon or leaf or throat or petal
And seeding back to vacancy and dust,
Content my soul with its illiterate
And lapsing loveliness? Or tired knowledge
Make credible the hard decree of living?
Oh, I have heard a golden trumpet blowing
Under the night. Another warmth than blood
Has coursed, though briefly, through my intricate veins.
Some sky is in my breast where swings a hawk
Intemperate for immortalities
And unpersuaded by the show of death.
I am content with that I cannot prove.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

THE HOLY WOMEN

I have seen Mary at the cross
  And Mary at the tomb
And Mary weeping as she spread her hair
  In a leper's room.

But it was not in Bethany
  Or groping up Calvary hill
I learned how women break their hearts to ease
  Another's ill.

Compassionate and wise in pain,
  Most faithful in defeat,
The holy Marys I have watched and loved
  Live on our street.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

NOONDAY GRACE

My good old father tucked his head,
(His face the color of gingerbread)
Over the table my mother had spread,
And folded his leathery hands and said:

"We thank thee, Lord, for this thy grace,
And all thy bounties to the race;
Turn not away from us thy face
Till we come to our final resting-place:"

These were the words of the old elect,
Or others to the same effect.

I love my father's piety,
I know he's grateful as can be,
A man that's nearly seventy
And past his taste for cookery.

But I am not so old as he,
And when I see in front of me

Things that I like uncommonly,
(Cornfield beans my specialty,
When every pod spills two or three),
Then I forget the thou and thee
And pray with total fervency:

Thank you, good Lord, for dinner-time!
Gladly I come from the sweat and grime
To play in your Christian pantomine.

I wash the black dust from my face,
I sit again in a Christian's place,
I hear the ancient Christian's grace.

My thanks for clean fresh napkin first
With faint red stain where the fruit-jar burst.

Thanks for a platter with kind blue roses,
For mother's centerpiece and poises,
A touch of art right under our noses.

Mother, I'll thank you for tumbler now
Of morning's milk from our Jersey cow.

And father, thanks for a generous yam,
And a helping of home-cured country ham,
(He knows how fond of it I am.)
For none can cure them as can he,
And he won't tell his recipe,
But God was behind it, it seems to me.

Thank God who made the garden grow,
Who took upon himself to know

That we loved vegetables so.
I served his plan with rake and hoe,
And mother, boiling, baking, slow
To her favorite tune of Old Black Joe,
Predestined many an age ago.

Pearly corn still on the cob,
My teeth are aching for that job.

Tomatoes, one would fill a dish,
Potatoes, mealy as one could wish.

Cornfield beans and cucumbers,
And yellow yams for sweeteners.

Pickles between for stepping-stones,
And plenty of cornmeal bread in pones.

Sunday the preacher droned a lot
About a certain whether or not:
Is God the universal friend,
And if men pray can he attend
To each man's individual end?

They pray for individual things,
Give thanks for little happenings,
But isn't his sweep of mighty wings
Meant more for businesses of kings
Than pulling small men's petty strings?

He's infinite, and all of that,
The setting sun his habitat,
The heavens they hold by his fiat,

The glorious year that God begat;
And what is creeping man to that,
O preacher, valiant democrat?

"The greatest of all, his sympathy,
His kindness, reaching down to me."

Like mother, he finds it his greatest joy
To have big dinners for his boy.

She understands him like a book,
In fact, he helps my mother cook,
And slips to the dining-room door to look;
And when we are at our noon-day meal
He laughs to think how fine we feel.

An extra fork is by my plate,
I nearly noticed it too late!

Mother, you're keeping a secret back!
I see the pie-pan through the crack,
Incrusted thick in gold and black.

There's no telling what that secret pair
Have cooked for me in the kitchen there,

There's no telling what that pie can be,
But tell me that it's blackberry!

As long as I keep topside the sod,
I'll love you always, mother and God.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

OUR TWO WORTHIES

All the here and all the there
Ring with the praises of the pair:
Jesus the Paraclete
And Saint Paul the Exegete.

Jesus proclaimed the truth.
Paul's missionary tooth
Shredded it fine, and made a paste,
No particle going to waste,
Kneaded it and caked it
And buttered it and baked it
(And indeed all but digested
While Jesus went to death and rested)
Into a marketable compound
Ready to lay on any wound,
Meet to prescribe to our distress
And feed unto our emptiness.

And this is how the pure Idea
Became our perfect panacea,
Both external and internal
And supernal and infernal.

What would the Originator have done
Without his Assisting One?
Would his truth have penetrated
If Paul had not fabricated?

When the great captains die
There is some faithful standing by
To whom the chieftain hands his sword.
Proud Paul received—a Word.

This was the man who, given his cause,
Gave constitution and by-laws,
Distinguished pedagogue
Who invaded the synagogue
And in a little while
Was proselyting the Gentile.

But what would there have been for Paul
If the Source had finished all?
He blessed the mighty Paraclete
For needing him, to miss defeat,
He couldn't have done anything
But for his Captain spiriting.

He knew that he was competent
For any sort of punishment,
With his irresistible urge
To bare his back unto the scourge,
Teasing his own neck
In prodigious shipwreck;
Hunger and rats and gaol
Were mere detail.

Paul was every inch of him
Valiant as the Seraphim,
And all he went among
Confessed his marvelous tongue,
And Satan fearing the man's spell
Embittered smote the gates of Hell.
So he finished his fight
And he too went from sight.

Then let no cantankerous schism
Corrupt this our catechism

But one and all let us repeat:
Who then is Jesus?
He is our Paraclete.
And Paul, out of Tarsus?
He is out Exegete.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

IN PRAISE OF COMMON THINGS

For stock and stone;
For grass, and pool; for quince tree blown
A virginal white in spring;
And for the wall beside,
Gray, gentle, wide;
For roof, loaf, everything,
I praise Thee, Lord;
For toil, and ache, and strife,
And all the commonness of life.

Hearty, yet dim,
Like country voices in a hymn,
The things a house can hold;
The memories in the air;
And down the stair
Fond footsteps known of old;
The chair, the book or two;
The little bowl of white and blue.

What would it be,
If loveliness were far from me?
A staff I could not take,
To hurry up and down,

From field to town;
Needs would my wild heart break;
Or, I would vacant go,
And, being naught, to nothing grow.

This is the best:
My little road from east to west,
The breadth of a man's hand,
Not from the sky too far,
Nor any star,
Runs through the unwalled land;
From common things that be,
Is but a step to run to Thee.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

BROTHER GIAN

(*Of the Benedictines at Monte Cassino, circa 1080*)

Dear Jesus Christ, I'm Brother Gian.
Within my cell I sit and scratch
From pagan parchments words writ on
Such vellum as not kings can match:

Words, Greek and Latin—all profane.
Three Homers I have quite erased,
And look to see their lines replaced
By lives of Saints without a stain.

This Virgil now: I'll do it next.
Last night it tempted me to peep
A moment at its wicked text,
Telling of nymphs . . . I could not sleep.

Dear Jesus Christ, I dreamt I was
  A faun within a Bacchic rout,
  And one white creature chose me out:
I broke with kisses all Thy laws.

Here is the place . . . I danced as wild
  As any bacchant of them all,
With ivy-woven tresses whiled
  Mad hours that maddened at her call.
She led me far into the wood
  Where not a Pan or Satyr leapt.
  Dear Jesus Christ, 'twas Satan swept
Me on—I scarcely understood.

Here is the place. . . . For in my dream
  Each letter trembled and became
A nymph: the parchment was a stream
  Of shapes that glimmered without shame.
I danced and followed where she fled
  With lips wine-glad bent back to shout.
  Dear Jesus Christ, beyond a doubt
She rose where 'Venus' here I read.

So first of all I raze its shame!
  And pray that in its place may stand
Some letter of the Virgin's name
  Writ by a pure and holy hand,
And set about with red and gold
  And lilies—where my eyes still see
  But glimmering limbs that tempt and flee,
But shimmering arms that would enfold.

Dear Jesus Christ, this I confess,
And fasting will I toil until
The vellum, white as holiness,
Shall be fit for an angel's quill!
An angel like the nymph with eyes
And body that . . . Dear Jesus Christ,
To woman was man sacrificed!
From Eve his sins for ever rise!

CALE YOUNG RICE.

THE MYSTIC

There is a quest that calls me,
In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
The Known from the Unknown.
I mount what thought is near me
And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the Seen grows dim
And the Sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
And everywhere
Thro' the earth and air
My thoughts speeds, lightning-shod,
It comes to a place where checking pace
It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
  It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of Dust!"
  It bids—and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of Being,
  Where there is Gulf alone—
And thro' a Vast that was never passed
  I listen for Life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
From the vaults of death like a chilling breath
Over eternity.
And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to its brink and find
But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me and ever calls me!
  And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
  What is from the Whence and Why?"
I'm lifted into the saddle
  Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the steeps
  I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies

With far intent through the firmament
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

ACOLYTE

In his narrow cassock straight and red,
Under the flame his tapers shed,
A thin white nimbus surrounds his head,
As he lights the golden candle sticks,
Around the altar and crucifix.

In moving rhythms his task is done,—
Lighting the candles one by one;
Long slow rhythms, and lights are two,
Under a window that saints look through.
Lifted arm, and the lights are three,
Fronting martyrs in ecstasy;
Sweep of an upward curve, and four
Cast their shadows on chancel floor.
One step higher, and lights are five;
Whispering, breathing, and alive.
Downward slowly, and there are six
In the golden altar candle sticks,
Dripping flame on the crucifix.
Final curve and the ultimate seven
Point with spiral fire to heaven.

Seven tapers of gold and white,—
These are the task of the acolyte,
In his narrow cassock long and red.
Is there a glory around his head?

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

THE CLASSICS AND TRAVEL

A white tomb in the desert,
An Arab at his prayers
Beside the Nile's dark water,
Where the lone camel fares.
An ibis on the sunset,
A slow shadouf at rest,
And in the caravansary
Low music for the guest.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

A FARMER'S PRAYER

In the Time of Horace—Book III, Ode XVIII

Come, Faunus, lover of coy nymphs who flee
Enter and bless my fields, I beg of thee!

And bless my lamblings, too; depart, their friend!
A kid is slain for thee at each year's end;

And Cytherea's potent friend, the cup,
In homage worshipful is offered up—

While votive fumes rise pungent on the air
Up from thine ancient altar lighted there!

Yes, when returns December's nones, thy day,
The happy village gives itself to play;

And on my little place, thy festal cheer
Unyokes from toil each joyful, skipping steer.

From fear of wolves that day my lambs are free—
The trees cast down leaf-tribute, too, to thee;

And in thine honor every rustic swain
Joins in the dance, twice round, and round again!

Roselle Mercier Montgomery.

TO HELEN, MIDDLE-AGED

According to legend Helen, upon the fall of Troy, became reconciled to her husband, Menelaus, whom she accompanied back to Sparta. Here she lived with him many years in domestic peace and happiness.

I

The strife on Illium's windy plain is still!
Cool, now, the blood that in the veins of men
So madly coursed, to view your beauty when
The Greek and Trojan fates hung on your will;
Unkindling, eyes that could not look their fill
On that bright wonder that was Helen then!
They will not wake to burn for you again,
Those thirsting fires that drove mad men to kill!
Now ships and towers are ashes on the wind.
And Paris, dead, your spring-time shepherd lover,
Slain by your lawful liege—who now leans over,
To smooth, mechanically, your graying hair
And say, in that calm voice, forever kind,
"Please, dear, a stitch! My tunic has a tear!"

II

You take the garment from his hand and smile . . .
"That hand slew Paris!" you think, suddenly—
And all the facile floods of memory,
Unsealed, pour over you! Your hands meanwhile
Are dutifully busy, as your lord
Relates to you the details of the chase.
You listen, with a half-averted face,
And give him back an absent-minded word!

For, far away, a cool, sweet wind is blowing . . .
High on a hill . . . and you are there again!
Your Paris is beside you—green, the Spring,
And young, the warm blood in you, leaping, flowing . . .
His lips are on your throat—*and then, and then,*
You are this Helen here . . . remembering!

III

The tunic mended, with a "Thank you, dear!"
Your Menelaus takes it from your hands
That, snow and rose-leaf once, laid their commands
On kings and kingdoms in a long-gone year!
Transparent, fragile, but unwrinkled still,
The small, domestic tasks engage them now—
Strange, that today you should remember how
Young Paris crushed and kissed them—on a hill!
And yet, not strange! You are not first, ah, no!
Of sister women, nor will you be last,
To summon spectres from the passioned past
While you sit quiet, in the hearthfire's glow,
Beside your liege—*tasting the tempered joys*
Time leaves to Helens who outlive their Troys!

Roselle Mercier Montgomery.

ULYSSES RETURNS

I

Penelope Speaks

Ulysses has come back to me again!
I listen when he tells me of the sea,
But he has strange reserves . . . and strangely he
Stares in the fire . . . I question him, and then

He starts and tells me more of arms . . . and men—
  But there is something . . . *Heart, what can it be*
  He sees there that he will not tell to me?
What swift withdrawal makes him alien?

Oh, there are many things that women know,
  That no one tells them, no one needs to tell;
    And that they know, their dearest never guess!
Because the woman heart is fashioned so,
  I know that he has loved another well,
    Still his remembering lips know her caress!

II

CIRCE SPEAKS

So swift to bloom, so soon to pass, Love's flower!
  The sea that brought him, took him back again—
  Ah, well, so is the world and so are men!
But he was happy with me for an hour,
Or almost happy, here within my bower!
  He had his silences, his moments when
  A strange abstraction took him . . . *I knew then*
That he remembered . . . slipped beyond my power!

I brought him strange, bright blossoms that were grown
  In emerald gardens, underneath the sea
    We rode white horses, far beyond the shore—
I would not let him sit and think alone!
  One day he held me long and tenderly . . .
    I knew, I knew that he would come no more!

III

ULYSSES SPEAKS

Was it I, was it I who dallied there
With a strange, sweet woman beside the sea?
Did she race the wind on the beach with me?
Was it I who kissed her and called her fair?
Was it I who fondled her soft, gold hair—
While she wove and waited me patiently
The woman I love, my Penelope?
Was it I who lingered in Circe's snare?

Now my foot again in my hall is set,
And my keel is dry and my sails are furled;
Beside me, the face I could not forget,
That called me back from across the world—
But there in the fire . . . those red lips wet,
And that soft, gold hair by the sea-mist curled!

IV

PENELOPE SEWS

Oh, the hearts of men, they are rovers, all!
And men will go down to the sea in ships,
And they stop when they hear the sirens call,
And lean to the lure of their red, wet lips!
But never a Circe has snared one yet,
In a green, cool cavern beside the sea,
Who could make the heart of him quite forget
A patiently waiting Penelope!

Yet—there's never a roving one returns
But will sit him down in his easy chair,

While Penelope sews and the fire burns,
And into the depths of it stare . . . *and stare.*
The fire burns and Penelope sews . . .
He never tells—*but Penelope knows!*

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY.

SAPPHO IN LEVKAS

Zeus, my Father, once again
I stand before Thee; once, and then no more.
Here in the calm, deep night,
Far, far from Lesbos and the madness there,
Here, where the alien sea about my feet
Is clean and sacred with Thine awe,
I come, Sappho, Thy child alone,
To speak with Thee as in the old, exalted days.
In this last hour,
Before the cool, regardless hand of death
Erase me quite, desiring most to be
Most noble, I would break like nard before
Thy night-encurtained majesty my heart—
From hurt or shame withholding naught;
Tell all, give thanks, and cease.
Nor would I have the flame of this, my prayer and baring,
Shake with the breath of bitterness.
Nor stay my heart, self-pitying,
On that last human littleness,
Resentment 'gainst the gods.

Thanks, Father, for
The life that Thou hast given me.
For it was high and full of joy—akin
To those bright mountain spaces where

A golden exaltation holds the peaks.
Never, methinks, with more enamored hand
Hast Thou coaxed fire into the clay, than when
In Lesbos, mine own mother grew with me.
To Thee be thanks that in all life
'Twas mine to see goodness; that I, a woman,
Beyond the tragic and the base of life,
Have seen to that serenity of right that flows
Increasingly and always onward. Mine
Companions were that proved the race Thine offspring;
Heroes and kings, sea-wanderers, poets, priests,—
All, all, who, fervent, pass
The flame of righteousness and truth
To sequent generations yet asleep; and I
Among them equal, praised and loved.
More, Father; Thou hast given me the gift
Of fragrant, fiery speech.
Beyond the violet-circled isles, yea, to
The confines of the habitable world
My singing reached; nor can I think
The time comes ever when the hearts of men
So stripped of brightness be
But they will shake with rapture of my songs.
Thou hast made beauty mine own element,
Taught me to drift, a burnished leaf,
Down the long winds of ecstasy;
And ever loveliness has swept my heart
With lyric hand of rapture. Mine to feel
The majesty and tears and color of the sea;
The awe and high obedience of the stars;
To watch at eve the saffron of Thy garment's hem;
To wake unto Thy midnight messengers,
The purple winds that roam infinity.

Yea, I, undoubtingly, have known
The signs of immanent divinity
In darkness, dawn, and dusk; and most,
In music's passioning, when on the green,
Beneath a frail, enchanted moon,
Some bard with mad, pale mouth sang urgently!

To think nobility like mine could be
Flawed—shattered utterly—and by—
This, this the shame, O Zeus, that Thou must hear—
A slim, brown shepherd boy with windy eyes
And spring upon his mouth!
Mine Thou hast made the courage to face truth,
Tho' truth were death; but face alone!
Before Thine eyes to strip my passion till
Naked its evil gleams—here—now—oh, all
The harsh and iron of my soul must forth
Ere shame's rebellion in my blood be quelled,
And Thou familiar made with my reproach! . . .
Courage and truth, these two are not of earth!
Hearken Thou, Zeus, and judge if, at the last,
In spite of all, I am not half divine,
Loving these two.

It was the hour of fleeing stars—
If I should live to see a million dawns,
Each magic with a strange perfection of its own,
The memory of none could stir as that
The pool of tears and longing here within.
The hour of fleeing stars—
And I, too, fled into the stillness,
Up from the quiet village to the hills
Where walk the morning-mooded gods.

A dawn of dew and hyacinths,
With grey-eyed, silver-footed April loose
Upon the hills. The arching air—the last few stars—
Each little leaf, tho' hushed, a-tremble to
The throbbing up of azure-hearted spring.
The upper meadows I had gained,
When on the eager silence came a sound,
A sleepy sound of many little feet.
Above the road I drew me up, and watched
The flock drift by. They passed, a huddled herd,
Shyly, and after them, with loitering foot
And bent, dark-curling head, the shepherd lad.—
Down, down, O heart of mine!—I feared to breathe
Lest breathing wake me from a dear enchantment;
I dared not move, lest moving stir the spell . . .
So leaned above the roadside—gazing—
Drinking the poison of his loveliness.
For he was lovelier than the youthful day;
More beautiful than silver, naked Ganymede!
Slowly he came beneath me on the road—
And suddenly I heard
The tremulous, soft magic give me speech.
"Shepherd, thy name!" He raised his head;
The wonder of his mouth and eyes and carven throat
Flooded me. And he smiled. So full
Of sweetness were those eyes, those curving lips,
A music as of tears swept through my veins;
And when his voice rose, answering,
As cool, unhurt, and clear it was
As is the bird-souled break of day.
"Phaon" he said, and, smiling still, passed on.—

Thus, Zeus, at dawn, seeking as was my wont,
The viewless god's companionship,
Phaon I met, himself in curve and color godlike,
And, meeting him, lost Thee!

When shining day aroused the earth and me,
I turned me from the roadside home, full-fledged
In Aphrodite. Not the gales of spring
Dashing the tenuous, frayed clouds high up the sky,
Were plumed with wilder rapture than my heart!
Nor was the earth's red longing for fruition
More hot than mine for Phaon . . .
Oh, I had loved the colors of the world,
All lofty things, all daring enterprise,
The glint and foam of life's adventuring!
That hour changed all the world and me!
Cool sleep became a haunted thing,
Full of the boy untruly amorous;
And waking, pain—a disillusionment
That filled the lonely day with thirst.
At dawn, at dusk, my feet sought out the hills
Beloved of shepherd folk, that, haply, sight of him
Might stay the burning here.
To glimpse his loveliness, to hear his voice
Answering lightly my light questionings
Was sweetness more than mortal thing,
More than the gods' ambrosial dalliance—
And bitterness, my heart, and bitterness!
Oh, I grew studious in unlearning life,
Till I could feign simplicity,
And use the simple speech of shepherd folk.
My utmost intellect was bent to plan
Assurance of chance meetings;

My craft in beauty to devise which way
The yellow crocus in my hair might take his praise.
At feasts and country festivals,
When came the dark and stars, I, too, came, there
To see his bending body in the dance.
With not more grace, beneath the twilight breeze
Bending, the long-stemmed asphodel is swayed.
But always something of his grace,
His inextinguishable happiness,
Would seem to break my heart, and I would long to be
Freed from that loneliness men call esteem,
And there within the dance, a country wench,
Touching his shining arms, and breathing close
His lithe and burning youth.

O Thou has known
The thousand years and each year's thousand lovers—
What need to tell the pangs and tricks of clay
Common to all; yea, e'en at last to me, Thy child!
Father, it seemed not evil then—so sweet
He was; and I, who, most of all the world
Loved purity and loathèd lust,
Became the mark of mine own scorning ere
I knew—he was so sweet!
A something from the freshness of the woods,
Of cool and shining leaves, of laggard winds,
His beauty seemed to catch. I think
The momentary blood that lights the rose
Fired his veins with vintage of delight
Perpetually. No lovelier
The first strong tulip, whose crimson arrogance
Lords it above blythe Eresos, and daunts
The lesser darlings of pale April, than

His mouth . . . And this, a shepherd boy!
His thoughts the thoughts of shepherds; his desires,
The bread and water cravings of the poor.
No trembling from the madness of my songs
Could reach his heart; no lofty converse call
One cloud of questioning within
His strange, unshadowed, listening eyes.
His lore was of the leaves, the clouds, the winds,
What time the fields, a-frost with heliotrope,
Yield richer pasturage; what time,
The starrier meadows of wild broom.

This, this my lover! Mine, whose choice of mate
Was bidden guest in all the courts
And goodly palaces of Greece!
Lo, I, whose name was crowned thro' all the isles
With praise and reverence,
Grew stranger to the life that had been mine;
Transmuted from the very certitude
Of right example to reproach; become
As vacillant, weak flame before the wind of lust.
Yet, not, O Father, stained with deed of wantonness.
I could not quite escape that holiness
The sacred years had bred!
Methinks, the shepherd boy will never know
But that one fragrant with a nobleness
He dimly felt, had found him for a space
In some strange wise companionable.
And at the last he loved me, Zeus! Oh, not
As lovers love—less than the shepherds' strife
Of skill, less than the glowing dance,
Or merry gossip when the wine-vat teems.
This irony for only anodyne
Of all my pain Thou tenderest me—

Out of the evil of my passioning came good!
For Phaon, Phaon loved me as a goddess sent,
And, curbing grossness, looked to me for praise . . .
Perhaps his blood was clean of lust,
The mountains and the winds being pure,
Or else his years, maturing loveliness,
Left green that mortal taint.
O soft, soft lies, beguile me not!
Altho' by me unroused,
No doubt his manhood's proof will flaunt before
The red and white of some broad-bosomed wench
Of his own kind—when I am gone!

Oh, swiftly, swiftly, scorning shame,
Tell all, my heart, and make perpetual end . . .
Thou send'st to mortals night as comforter;
And when the rounded moon breathes up the east,
Dost think to ease our most immedicable griefs
With loveliness. But I am still
Weary and broken with the memory
Of such a night, vouchsafèd lately.
Lesbos, my own, lay drowned beneath
The warm and argent flood of light—so still,
The very olive trees unstirring slept
A silver sleep. But, ah, to me the night
Was terrible with perfumes from the hair
And breasts of Aphrodite; within my blood,
Unstaunchable, surged all the undertow of spring,
Dragging my soul unto the sea that knows no law.
Haggard and parched, love's frenzy caught me up
And bore me from my dream-hot bed into the night.
My feet unconscious chose those pastures known
To love. The way was haunted with him; here

He stood; here leaned upon his crook to watch the dawn;
Here lifted up the wonder of his eyes.
And on the visioning leapt all the pity of
My life—vexing and hounding me.

About me, moonlight, stillness, empty night;
Distraught, I stumbled on.
A light, near footstep sounded suddenly;
I lifted filmy eyes; saw; reeled; and saw
Again—Phaon, the shepherd. Then madness broke.
His argent throat and arms,
His mouth, the dew, the tenderness—O God!—
I bent me to him with the flaming cry,
"Phaon—I love thee; one kiss, one kiss—Phaon!"
A silence came. The night grew huge and cold.
Silence. I lifted heavily,
A nightmare weight, my lids and looked upon the boy.
Amazement held him, wonder; quick
His eyes avoided mine, then, dubious, sought;
And in the miserable stillness there,
I watched the radiance leave his face,
And pain steal up like age. Within me died
All fire. I closed my eyes; the night whirled past.
Anguish like bolted lightning showed
In that long instant what myself had been to him—
One alien to the lowness of his life;
Almost a holy thing, a-stir with God,
That now revealèd stood of common grossness.
As dreadful as their lovelessness,
The scorning that I knew his eyes would show!
Tho' never loved, yet never to be loathed—
That mean respect at least my pride might save!
I woke, beheld the desperate urgency,
And faced him with a lie that heaven sent.

"O shepherd, I leave Lesbos, home, and thee
At dawn. Good-bye." Then hid from him my face,
And bowed before the surge of agony.
I needed not to see his joyous tenderness
Pulse back; I knew, how bitterly!
Before him, broken, cold, and blind, I felt
Him take me in his arms, all gentleness,
And on my mouth lay his, a long, long kiss.
The music of his voice was far away;
"Come soon again to Lesbos and the shepherds here
Who love thee" . . .

Thus,
As I had prayed, I lay upon his breast,
And in his cloudy glamour was wrapped close,
And breathed the fragrance of his neck and hair—
Yet not as I had prayed. Midmost
The snatch of starved, impossible delight—
His lips to mine—the reeling moonlight—passion—
I knew the irony, the tragic mockery.
While yet I clung to him, he seemed
Almost a child, sweet as a child is sweet,
Unsparingly; and I—
Old, in the world and sin and vision, old;
He but a shepherd boy; and I—Sappho!
So when he had released me from his arms,
Stricken and blind, with one swift kiss
Upon his brow, one sobbed "Good-bye," I turned;
So, fleeing, down into the darkness.

Unto perfection I was born;
The shepherd boy, who would not see my sin,
Recalled me to myself. That was the end . . .
Imperative to keep my soul superb,

For his sake, mine, and Thine,
And one sole method to that end.
But lest my resolution should be wax
Beneath his nearness, and because I chose
To speak with Thee apart, in calm,
I minded me of those, my lying words.
Therefore, when morning bore the harbor ships
Upon their devious, blue wanderings,
Myself, beneath a glistening sail, wide-eyed,
Gazed on the fading island that I loved,
At last, long time on Lesbos . . .
Think not, O Zeus, I render me to death
Because the shepherd loved me not.
Such pain as many mortals bear,
Myself would scorn to shun.
Sterner than unrequited love the cause,
And not unpitiful. . . . Perhaps in time
My burnt, high-bosomed beauty might have lured
His blood—No, no! not that! not possible!
Hearken, O God, the truth, the utter truth!
Had mine been siren sorcery
To draw him tremulous to my desire,
And had he answered love with love,
Passion with passion, ardent equally—
I know that I had cooled—the wanton's trick—
Found tedious what had been bliss, grown strange,
At last, despised! More—more—I stifle—
If far from Lesbos and from him
I should remain—I should forget the boy!
And this—indignant heart of mine, I will not lie—
Could Phaon's magic pass,
Yet other snares, perhaps as sweet—if such
Could be,—would trap and madden me as his.

Some summer-tinted mouth, some curvèd throat;
The Bacchic grace of some young body, bare
And glistening in the games—I know . . . I know . . .
Perhaps some throbbing, lawless-eyed barbarian,
Sea-burnt, gorgeous, and bestial—
Surely, not that, my God!
But always I shall be
Hurt with the vehemence of too, too perfect beauty;
Bare and resistless always
To all the sorceries of fair, fair flesh! . . .

Enough . . . The truth hath sickened me . . .
But all is told, and now comes rest.
I would make calm my brow and heart for death.
One step across this darkling cliff, and in
The ocean's weary breathing I am caught,
Made one, assuaged forever. Yet I pause . . .
The bitter sea with its pale tentacles
Of foam half seen below my feet cannot
Now make me truckle unto cowardice,
Who knew not fear in life . . . But is it life,
Not death, I dare not face? 'Tis surely ill
The wine of life to spill contemptuously,
Wearied, in wantonness, or in despite.
If, though, the wine of its own nature sour,
Lose all the jewel and the perfume, shall
The drinker pause to cast it back to earth?
Why spare the rose
Doomed to the worm? The soul incurably
Hurt with a crescent sin? T' avoid
The loosened shaft of seen necessity
Is wisdom, not some trick of fear.

To me, my kinship with immortal things
Hath been too clear revealed that I should watch
With willingness my retrogression to the clay
And baseness mortals own as parent.
Either the starry, wind-swept, sea-enraptured soul
Of me, myself, myself shall last unto the end,
Or summonable death shall quench me out
Undimmed, exalted still.
No cowardice, O Zeus, I swear!
With all my spirit I have ever fought
Life's battles; nor testing conflict shunned,
When righteousness made part. But when the enemy
Thou sett'st against me is the sacred element,
The prime nobility that wings my spirit,
What boots the battle? And the event—defeat
Or victory alike—is utter ruin.
To me hath beauty been the ripple and the light
That proved a sea divine,
Sweeping the stars, our little universe, all, all,
Into the wave of some sublime and glittering doom.
Oh, always beauty was to me
Thyself half seen, my Father.
In windy leaves and grass, thy laughter loose,
In yellow noon, thy nectared, slumberous ease,
Thy clean and lofty joy in high, sun-stricken woods,
In storms thy restlessness, thyself
In this vast, darkling sea.
And this same beauty now betrayeth me.
So long as life by it is made divine,
So long by it am I made harlot-hearted.
No cure, no cure! but oh,
That such perfection in such wise should be
Rifted, and out of harmony!

Methinks, Thyself, the author of the flaw,
Must doubt Thy fathering wisdom.
Indeed, indeed, beneath their calm content,
Thou and the other gods must feel the tears
That make the human breast almost divine,
To see me thus, alone and lonely,
That once was Sappho, song o' the world. . . .
And yet no wind of heaven beareth me
Breath of compassioning. . . . Perhaps they laugh or scorn.
Oh, can it be that in the halls of heaven
The very gods are tainted with the Cyprian's sin?
What if the bestial gossip told of them be true,
And too authentic be the lecherous tales
Of Io and the rest?

Then will I break with all the gods,
And more divine than they, snuff out this flame
Ere it be vile with universal degradation!
O night, O night, am I the only struggling thing?
Doth any cry save mine rise to thy stars
Against the tyranny of flesh and mortal grossness?
O mothering darkness, fold
Obliteration closer round me, for
Mine eyes blur, and my throat is hurt
With welling pain. . . . Tears, tears,
Ye rob me of the little left me, godly pride,
And leave me woman. . . .
And I had thought the hour that summed
And closed my lonely struggle for perfection,
Had been a thing of triumph. It is pitiful.
Leaning across this sea here in the night,
A moment's space from death, I can recall
No old, high legend whereupon to lean my heart.

Instead, I seem to know the rain-grey, hungering eyes
Calypso bent across the surge that gave
And took forever her delight.

The deep air, too, seems somehow cleansed with tears,
And cooler grown. The stars are not so close.
A breath of silver up the sky! Again—
Dawn! Dawn! O Zeus,
The dawn that I had thought to never see!
Eastward the cold light brims into the sky
And joyous sweeps away the stars that watched with me.
They come no more. . . . Dawn. . . . Dawn, and spring again!
This grey and lucent hour, light sleep
Steals from the shepherds' clustered curls,
And leaves them dewy as the bended grass.
At home it is a dawn of dew and hyacinths,
With silver-footed April loose upon the hills.
Along the curving road the flocks
Lag half asleep, lag, but still come
Nearer and nearer till—
Oh, the insufferable beauty of his bending head!
O home! O Lesbos!
To lean above that roadside, breathless,
And see again the shepherd boy I love—
His thonged and sandalled grace—
His bare, brown throat—
The violets careless round his head—
Those eyes of spring and unawakened fire—
The dew and roses of the mouth that once I kissed!
Forget, forget all else, O gods, and grant this boon!
Bear me back home to Lesbos and the boy!
Steep me but one short hour in his love!
Oh, let the anguished crimson of his mouth

Seek fire from mine, and all his brown, light grace
Flame into strength to crush my paleness; let
His morning eyes know drought and noon,
The haze of hidden tears, the film of hope,
And me the only cool and dew.
One misty, scarlet kiss within your arms—
Phaon! Phaon!
I would forswear song—beauty—Zeus, my father . . .

Ah,—madness—madness—uncoil, old anguish! . . .
Ah!
O cool, grey wind of dawn! O sea!—
Thou harlot-hearted woman, sleep!
And wake thou, Sappho, leafy-templed child of God!
Upon the lovely world another day. . . .
Come, fearless, piteous heart of mine . . . come. . . .
At last the comfort and the cleansing of the sea.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

SURVEY OF LITERATURE

In all the good Greek of Plato
I lack my roast beef and potato.

A better man was Aristotle,
Pulling steady on the bottle.

I dip my hat to Chaucer
Swilling soup from his saucer,

And to Master Shakespeare
Who wrote big on small beer.

The abstemious Wordsworth
Subsisted on a curd's-worth,

But a slick one was Tennyson,
Putting gravy on his venison.

What these men had to eat and drink
Is what we say and what we think.

The flatulence of Milton
Came out of wry Stilton.

Sing a song for Percy Shelley,
Drowned in pale lemon jelly,

And for precious John Keats,
Dripping blood of pickled beets.

Then there was poor Willie Blake,
He foundered on sweet cake.

God have mercy on the sinner
Who must write with no dinner,

No gravy and no grub,
No pewter and no pub,

No belly and no bowels,
Only consonants and vowels.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

LOVE, WEEPING, LAID THIS SONG

(*On a copy of the Iliad found with the mummy of a young girl.*)

Lo! an old song, yellow with centuries!
  She, she who with her young dust kept it sweet;
  She, in some green court on a carvèd seat,
Read it at dusk fair-paged upon her knees;
And, looking up, saw there, beyond the trees,
  Tall Helen through the darkling shadows fleet;
  And heard, out in the fading river-street,
The roar of battle like the roar of seas.
Love, weeping, laid this song when she was dead
  In that sealed chamber, strange with nard and musk.
    Outliving Egypt, see it here at last.
We touch its leaves: back rush the seasons sped;
  For us, as once for her, in that old dusk,
    Troy trembles like a reed before the blast!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

CHANSON OF THE BELLS OF OSENÈY

(13TH CENTURY)

The bells of Osenèy
  (Hautclère, Doucement, Austyn)
  Chant sweetly every day,
  And sadly, for our sin.
The bells of Osenèy
  (John, Gabriel, Marie)
  Chant lowly,
    Chant slowly,
  Chant wistfully and holy
  Of Christ, our Paladin.

Hautclère chants to the East
(His tongue is silvery high),
And Austyn like a priest
Sends west a weighty cry.
But Doucement set between
(Like an appeasive nun)
Chants cheerly,
Chants clearly,
As if Christ heard her nearly
A plea to every sky.

A plea that John takes up
(He is the evangelist)
Till Gabriel's angel cup
Pours sound to sun or mist.
And last of all Marie
(The virgin-voice of God)
Peals purely,
Demurely,
And with a tone so surely
Divine, that all must hear.

The bells of Osenèy
(Doucement, Austyn, Hautclère)
Pour ever day by day
Their peals on the rapt air;
And with their mellow mates
(John, Gabriel, Marie)
Tell slowly,
Tell lowly,
Of Christ the High and Holy,
Who makes the whole world fair.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

FROM A FELUCCA

A white tomb in the desert,
An Arab at his prayers
Beside the Nile's dark water,
Where the lone camel fares.
An ibis on the sunset,
A slow shadouf at rest,
And in the caravansary
Low music for the guest.

Above the tawny city
A gleam of minarets,
Resounding the muezzin's
Clear call as the sun sets.
A mystery, a silence,
A breathing of strange balm,
A peace from Allah on the wind
And on the sky his calm.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

MACROOM ON MARKET DAY

I think I never shall forget
  Macroom on Market Day—
Macroom, that huddles on the road
  From Cork to Bantry Bay.

The meagre market of the poor
  Littered the squalid street
With piles of rusty cabbages,
  And kegs of salted meat,

And barrows heaped with odds and ends
Of humble merchandise—
The piteous stuff the poor man sells,
And his poorer neighbor buys.

The Irish fields were green that day,
And the Irish air was sweet,
But I wish I had not loitered
Along that dusty street,

Where starving dogs were fighting
Over a mouldy bone,
And an ancient beggar sat in rags,
And told her beads alone.

And the shabby barefoot women
Lingered to look and trade,
While a crippled fiddler's sightless eyes
Mocked the gay tune he played.

I wish I had not loitered
Before I turned aside
To take the highway's windings
Through the glamorous country side;

For though the purple peat smoke flowed
Like a shadow down the breeze,
And a blackbird sang the summer out
Among the listening trees,

And the fuchsias burned the hedges
On the road to Bantry Bay,
Macroom lay heavy on my heart—
Macroom on Market Day.

VIRGINIA LYNE TUNSTALL.

AGAIN, SAPPHO

> "With the rejection of the story by her (Sappho's) love for Phaon vanishes also the legend which says that to cure her hopeless love she cast herself from the rock of Leucas."

Once she, the Lesbian,—lyric heart of Greece,—
A little weary of the brittle wit
Of polished tongues, went forth to seek that peace
Her world denied her, when she craved for it,—
Peace of far moons beyond the sea-washed caves,
And spaceless freedom for a mouth that sings
To stars and winds and wild foam-crested waves:
"I, Sappho, shall be one with all these things."

That night a slave stood like a sculptured god
Alone and naked by the Aegean sea;
A shape that learned of Lesbian skies and sod,
The living rhythm of its symmetry.
"I would that lordly lovers could be thus,"
And, Sappho, sighing, thought of Pittacus.

She claimed one hour of salt and stinging air;
Of winds above a glimmering sea cave;
Of wizardry through which a god may wear,
And glorify, the body of a slave.
So she to Phaon—Phaon of a night
That has gone down the centuries in shame—
Shame of the world; of moths that seek a light,
To singe their little desperate wings in flame:

"O slave, I think thy salty lips are clean!
I weary of hot mouths and scented locks;

Clasp me one infinite moment, here between
The envious planets and the Lesbian rocks.
These winds will know, and all the whispering sea,
I loved thy beauty, Phaon, and not thee!"

There may be symbols that outlast all laws,—
Symbols for those whose heads have touched the sky,
And may not stoop for questioning, because
Such things are not to govern pygmies by.
So—Sappho wears her purple wreath again,—
Wears Grecian violets on her braided hair,
And loving love beyond all love of men,
Moves nobly down a white, immortal stair.

Death came and found her singing; he who knows
Uncounted ways to chill the throbbing breast.
He stopped her mouth of music with a rose,
And deep Olympic silence is the rest,—
Silence along the wild Sicilian coast.
Not here, not here is Sappho—or her ghost.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

AN ALPINE VILLAGE

Their world stands all on end; no place at all
Is left for even the little fields to lie
That they have hung aloft like tapestry
Upon the granite reaches of the wall
That towers around them; there they cling and crawl
And still contrive between the earth and sky
To reap the fruits of their brief industry
Before the snows and the swift silence fall.

Then in the church the meagre women pray,
And in the huts the patient cattle sleep,
And earth the vow of her white peace fulfils,
And heeds them not who with such passion pay
Into her stony breast the faith they keep
And still lift up their eyes unto those hills.

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS' MEETING

Oh, you hear sweet music
If my love pass,
Whisper o' the crow's-foot,
Murmur o' the grass!

JOHN MCCLURE.

WILLOW WHISTLES

Young love walks the countryside,
A boy and a girl in the windy weather—
Over the stile—and through the wood,
Hand in hand they go together.

Their winged feet follow the stippled path,
Under the boughs where the birds are mating,
To a bank that slopes its wild-flower way,
Down where the willow trees are waiting.

A boy—and a girl—and a willow tree—
A bank where the wild bluebells are growing—
A knife—and a clean green withe cut through
And a sudden shrill, sweet whistle blowing.

A girl's red lips at a whistle tip—
O, never—never—a thing is sweeter—
A boy's knife cutting a willow wand—
O, never, never a thing is fleeter.

Sometimes now through the shadow years,
Still the two of them go together—
A red-lipped girl, and a laughing boy—
Out through the wild, bright blowing weather,

And often of clear blue afternoons,
The heart has a strange, sure way of knowing,
The shrill high note down the windy way
Is the sound of a willow whistle blowing.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL.

AFTERNOON CALL

Here at the tribal rendezvous
Are only chittering mouths that crack
With aproned phrases, drab and slack
As these our coats of modish hue.

Shall we send glances, nothing more,
Across the wastes of rug and chair?
And shall this warm flesh not declare
Its praise for you within your door?

For we have heard, when you were near,
Faint cymbals clashed across the dusk
And voices in our blood more brusque
Than these suave echoes that you hear.

You have walled in your smile from us.
We come, we knock, impenitent,
Tingling to know how much was meant
If one sly touch were amorous.

The dry taboos we cannot break
Will mute our lips—and yet some hint
Of passion may escape to glint
The jest and compliment we make.

You will but posture, statuesque,
Inclining curves against an urn.
Ah, could you with less unconcern
Extend a hand, cleave this burlesque!

If one unfrozen word were flung
Across the void, we still might be
Apostate from our savagery,
Unleashing truth from off the tongue.

But raise a song! The lot is spun.
Our fevered lips await its fall.
The choice may not alight on all.
Bright monster, you can take but one.

Yet others, on some other day,
Will meet you in unsated mood,
Preferring witches in the wood
To milkmaids on the king's highway.

DONALD DAVIDSON.

ALONE IN SPRING

I never met the Spring alone before—
The flowers, birds, the loveliness of trees,
For with me always there was one I love,
And love is shield against such gifts as these,
But now I am alone, alone, alone,
The days and nights one long remembering.
Did other Aprils that we shared possess
The hurting beauty of this living Spring?
I never met the Spring alone before:

My starving grief, this radiance of gold!
To be alone, when Spring is being born,
One should be dead—
Or suddenly grown old.

CAROLINE GILTINAN.

HEARTBREAK

"To the onlie begetter of these
insuing sonnets . . . all
happinesse . . ."

I

Ever the loud-voiced waters, crying, calling,
Fill the long land, the hollow, echoing beaches—
Ever the wide-voiced water wails, beseeches,
Begs you to come where great green crests are falling.
And desolate seagulls above the loud waves' brawling
Are crying, asking for you. In sand-locked reaches
Black water shivers, uneasily feels for breaches
In walls of autumnal dunes, wind-driven and crawling.
And I hate it all, the unsatisfied crying water,
Hate the pale beach, the foam, the flying sky,
For here you had me, loved me, you were part
Of wind and billow and wave, the sun's wild daughter
Who loved this desolate beauty as wildly as I,
And now—O calling water! O crying heart!

II

Do you recall the summer dawn we lay
Together on the curving silver sand,
Alone and happy in a lonely land,
With all the world's wild noises fallen away?

Before us shone the blue, unslumbering bay
Rolling small sibilant pebbles up the strand,
And at the dim horizon-line a band
Of burning pearl held in its breast the day.
Dawn's cool sweet hush, disturbed by sleepy birds,
Held the wet trees beneath its brooding spell;
Far in the smoky sky a low, late moon
Crumbled to cloud and presently downward fell,
And in that hour, I think, were marriage words,
And love, that failed us, knew its highest noon.

III

Give me not silence—give me, I implore,
Some word though love has reached this tragic end.
All is not surely over. Friend with friend,
Sitting in your old room let's talk once more
Of this and that, and seeing as of yore
The absurdities to which most women tend,
Seeing that all men either break or bend,
Bravely remake the life we had before.
Why, from this wreckage, what we may, we'll save,
Knowing that passion wanes at length, that lover
Melts into friend (or enemy) when all's over.
O let tomorrow see us rise with laughter,
All fever past, out of love's barren grave
To that pure morning we may know hereafter!

IV

I think of you to fragments of old tunes
Sung by dead poets buried long ago.
You live immortal in immortal woe,
You are the topic of their riddling runes.
And yet—there's little solace in such boons.

Alas, they merely teach me what I know—
The wisdom of the world is lessoned so
That knowledge comes too late by many moons.
And bloody feet go out at sorrow's gate
Which, white and young, at innocence entered in.
The path is somewhat worn, my friend, since fate
Pays ever the old wages unto sin.—
But where is lover ever learned to see
Himself in Romeo dead or Antony?

V

Sometimes your beauty haunts me with its grace,
Sometimes your hair, sometimes your quiet eyes,
Sometimes your echoing voice with still replies
Comes after me, and sometimes comes your face.
You go before, behind with flying pace,
You are entangled in the streets, the skies,
And in my heart forgotten hours arise
And make this heart their bitter dwelling place.
O you intolerably, unbidden come
When I have other business than regret,
And need the weary uses of my brain—
You throb along my senses like a drum
And twist my tired nerves with knives you get
From unsuspected armories of pain.

VI

It may be, past the sundown and the sea,
Past the huge dark and past the stellar cold
Where dizzily the mind no more dare hold
Its wavering journey through immensity—
It may be that some other galaxy
Shall rise from those black gulfs, faint points of gold

Like distant lights where, when we're dead and old,
The gods shall somehow pilot you and me.
And there we'll rise and run along the sun,
Dabble our wet feet in white comet-foam,
And pluck for apples those fierce planets bright;
And then, the last star gathered in, go home
Together, knowing time and change are done,
And sleep, beloved, all an endless night.

VII

I hear the sorrowful voice of beauty crying
Along the inhuman pavements which I tread:
"Far underneath, the bodies of my dead
That were immortal lovers once, are lying.
Now are they safe from all men's curious prying,
With iron towers builded on their head,
And Shape that shut them, each from other, is fled,
And flesh with flesh, they mingled in their dying."
I heard the piteous voice of beauty wailing:
"Their perfumed bodies are corrupt and rotten."
But, O beloved, is it more to be
Alive like us, and separate, and ailing,
Than, mixing clay with clay, to be forgotten
Where none shall trouble them, and no one see?

VIII

Sorrow and love and loveliness are three:
The white swan beauty quickly ends her stave;
The wild rose grief droops dying on a grave;
But love, the curlew, soonest flies to sea.
Then, staler than the outworn simile,
Comes Commonsense to dwell in hearts that gave
Allegiance to the gods they could not save,

This pagan and most mortal trinity.
For you'll not suffer more than half a year;
Love, wedded, would have proved a wilting rose;
And beauty, whose keen edges cut like pain,
Grows dull as our compliant souls attain
The self-command they prate of, and God knows
There's wisdom in success—or so I hear.

IX

Men say that murderers must haunt their crime;
And I, young love that treacherously slew,
Came, driven back, my victim to re-view,
And found all things as in their golden prime;
Found the old room, the tranquil evening time,
Your lamp, the worn, familiar books, and you,
But from your still, forgiving kiss, I knew
Back into Eden I shall never climb.
For though we chatted in the old dear way,
At intervals came silence dark and vast
Wherein I heard the giant river Night
Roll venomously down her starless height.
The dead child, love, a corpse between us lay.
We mimed a simulacrum of the past.

X

Slow fires of Fall translate to pyramids
Of smouldering rich opulence the trees
That, flake by golden flake, drop with no breeze
Their broad leaves earthward where a brooklet thrids
The bright ravine. The August katydids
Are fled, but loud, in many strident keys
Harsh crows call out. O heart devoid of ease,
Earth is yet fair beneath morn's azure lids!

Earth is yet fair, but the fierce crows are loud—
Black mourners at September's burial;
The orient leaves are frailer than man's breath;
Letting their robes of brown and crimson fall,
Stark trees peep out, black bones above a shroud,
And skeleton by skeleton comes death.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

SONG

Oh, you hear sweet music
  If my love pass,
Whisper o' the crow's-foot,
  Murmur o' the grass!

The wee ones are ready
  To give her due to her
Who is more dainty dainty
  Than the fairies were,

Who is so dainty dainty
  That she doth surpass
Blossom o' the primrose,
  Flower o' the grass!

JOHN MCCLURE.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

Mayhap when you are old and grey
  You will remember me,
And nod your white head and say:
  "A quaint lean fellow, he.

"I remember the tricks of his speech,
The snatches he used to sing.
I think he said that he loved me
Better than anything."

JOHN MCCLURE.

THE UNLOVED TO HIS BELOVED

Could I pluck down Aldebaran
And haze the Pleiads in your hair
I could not add more burning to your beauty
Or lend a starrier coldness to your air.

If I were cleaving terrible waters
With death ahead on the visible sands
I could not turn and stretch my hands more wildly,
More vainly turn and stretch to you my hands.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

TO BUTTERFLY

Do you remember how the twilight stood
And leaned above the river just to see
If still the crocus buds were in her hood
And if her robes were gold or shadowy?
Do you remember how the twilight stood
When we were lovers and the world our wood?

And then, one night, when we could find no word
But silence trembled like a heart—like mine!—
And suddenly that moon-enraptured bird
Awoke and all the darkness turned to wine?
How long ago that was! And how absurd
For us to own a wood that owned a bird!

They tell me there are magic gardens still,
And birds that sleep to wake and dream to sing,
And streams that pause for crocus skies to fill;
But they that told were lovers and 'twas spring.
Yet why the moon to-night's a daffodil
When it is March—Do you remember still?

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

MORNING

Jane awoke Ralph so gently on one morning
That first, before the true householder Learning
Came back to tenant in the haunted head,
He lay upon his back and let his stare
Penetrate dazedly into the blue air
That swam all round his bed,
And in the blessed silence nothing was said.

Then his eyes travelled through the window
And lit, enchantedly, on such a meadow
Of wings and light and clover,
He would propose to Jane then to go walking
Through the green waves, and to be singing not talking;
Such imps were pranking over
Him helpless lying in bed beneath a cover.

Suddenly he remembered about himself,
His manliness returned entire to Ralph;
The dutiful mills of the brain
Began to whir with their smooth-grinding wheels
And the sly visitors wriggled off like eels;
He rose and was himself again.
Simply another morning, and simply Jane.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

THE LOVER

I sat in a friendly company
And wagged my wicked tongue so well,
My friends were listening close to hear
The wickedest tales that I could tell.
For many a fond youth waits, I said,
On many a worthless damozel;
But every trusting fool shall learn
To wish them heartily in hell.

And when your name was spoken too,
I did not change, I did not start,
And when they only praised and loved,
I still could play my secret part,
Cursing and lies upon my tongue,
And songs and shouting in my heart.

But when you came and looked at me,
You tried my poor pretence too much.
O love, do you know the secret now
Of one who would not tell nor touch?
Must I confess before the pack
Of babblers, idiots, and such?

Do they not hear the burst of bells,
Pealing at every step you make?
Are not their eyelids winking too,
Feeling your sudden brightness break?
O too much glory shut with us!
O walls too narrow and opaque!
O come into the night with me
And let me speak, for Jesus' sake.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

THE EQUILIBRISTS

Full of her long white arms and milky skin
He had a thousand times remembered sin.
Alone in the press of people travelled he,
Minding her jacinth and myrrh and ivory.

Mouth he remembered: the quaint orifice
From which came heat that flamed upon the kiss,
Till cold words came down spiral from the head,
Grey doves from the officious tower illsped.

Body: it was a white field ready for love.
On her body's field, with the gaunt tower above,
The lilies grew, beseeching him to take,
If he would pluck and wear them, bruise and break.

Eyes talking: Never mind the cruel words,
Embrace my flowers but not embrace the swords.
But what they said, the doves came straightway flying
And unsaid: Honor, Honor, they came crying.

Importunate her doves. Too pure, too wise,
Clambering on his shoulder, saying, Arise,
Leave me now, and never let us meet,
Eternal distance now command thy feet.

Predicament indeed, which thus discovers
Honor among thieves, Honor between lovers.
O such a little word is Honor, they feel!
But the grey word is between them cold as steel.

At length I say these lovers fully were come
Into their torture of equilibrium:

Dreadfully had forsworn each other, and yet
They were bound each to each, and they did not forget.

And rigid as two painful stars, and twirled
About the clustered night their prison world,
They burned with fierce love always to come near,
But Honor beat them back and kept them clear.

Ah, the strict lovers, they are ruined now!
I cried in anger. But with puddled brow
Devising for those gibbeted and brave
Came I descanting: Man, what would you have?

For spin your period out, and draw your breath,
A kinder saeculum begins with Death.
Would you ascend to Heaven and bodiless dwell?
Or take your bodies honorless to Hell?

In Heaven you have heard no marriage is,
No white flesh tinder to your lecheries,
Your male and female tissue sweetly shaped
Sublimed away, and furious blood escaped.

Great lovers lie in Hell, the stubborn ones
Infatuate of the flesh upon the bones;
Stuprate, they rend each other when they kiss;
The pieces kiss again—no end to this.

But still I watched them spinning, orbited nice.
Their flames were not more radiant than their ice.
I dug in the quiet earth and wrought the tomb
And made these lines to memorize their doom:—

Equilibrists lie here; stranger, tread light;
Close, but untouching in each other's sight;
Mouldered the lips and ashy the tall skull,
Let them lie perilous and beautiful.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

A PASTORAL

Oho, my love, oho, my love, and ho, the bough that shows,
Against the grayness of mid-Lent the color of the rose!
The lights of Spring are in the sky and down among the grass;
Bend low, bend low, ye Kentish reeds, and let two lovers pass!

The plum-tree is a straitened thing; the cherry is but vain;
The thorn but black and empty at the turning of the lane;
Yet mile by mile out in the wind the peach-trees blow and blow,
And which is stem, and which is bloom, not any maid can know.

The ghostly ships sail up to town and past the orchard wall;
There is a leaping in the reeds; they waver and they fall;
For lo, the gusts of God are out; the April time is brief;
The country is a pale red rose, and dropping leaf by leaf.

I do but keep me close beside, and hold my lover's hand;
Along the narrow track we pass across the level land.
The petals whirl about us and the sedge is to our knees;
The ghostly ships sail up, sail up, beyond the stripping trees.

When we are old, when we are cold, and barrèd is the door,
The memory of this will come and turn us young once more;
The lights of Spring will dim the grass and tremble from the sky;
And all the Kentish reeds bend low to let us two go by!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

APRIL WEATHER

Oh, hush, my heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.

The thrush is back with his old note;
The scarlet tulip blowing;
And white—ay, white as my love's throat—
The dogwood boughs are growing.

The lilac bush is sweet again;
Down every wind that passes,
Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane;
The bees are in the grasses.

And Grief goes out, and Joy comes in,
And Care is but a feather;
And every lad his love can win,
For here is April weather.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

IF I COME BACK

If I come back again to earth
After an age or two,
I may have quite forgot the mirth
And all the dreams we knew.

And I may walk familiar ways
By friendly field and tree,
Nor ever once recall the days
When you were glad with me.

But if I pass the shady wood
Where once I walked with you,
(If April time be at the flood
And skies be very blue)

If any little wind shall wake
Or sudden bird take wing
Through the still air, my heart will break
With swift remembering.

VICTOR STARBUCK.

COOL-ENFOLDING DEATH

When the boat touches on the other side
And I step out in those fair meads and wide,
I think I shall not care
To stoop, and smell
One hyacinth nor pluck one immortelle
Till I have found three ladies there
Who died,—
O long ago, but whom I know quite well
Because of what their lovers had to tell.

Anne Goodwin Winslow.

PAUSE

The wind blows to-night
as though you had not been:
It goes somewhere,
knowing eagerness,
and quest.

The moon
paces the sky
with lanquid ease.

The earth's unhurried wheel
turns—
holds steady place
in the unbroken chain
of stars.

Only the tall candles
in this room
mark pause—
mark pause
and match the white stillness
of your folded hands.

HENRY BELLAMANN.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

The attic room that houses me
Is dark and bare and small;
It holds a table, cot and chair,
And that is all.

So I have schooled myself to move,
Nor space nor comfort miss,
Preparing for another house
Smaller than this:

Whose door is sealed; whose
  starless night
Shall reign perennially.
And all this house will hold
  is just
A couch and me!

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

FOR THEM THAT DIED IN BATTLE
(1914-1918)

How blossomy must be the halls of Death
Against the coming of the newly dead!
How sweet with woven garlands gatherèd
From pastures where the pacing stars take breath!
And with what tender haste, each with his wreath
Of welcome, must the elder dead return
To greet about the doors with dear concern
These much loved, proud-eyed farers from beneath.
For these that come, come not forspent with years,
Nor bent with long despair, nor weak with tears,

They mount superbly thro' the gold-flecked air,
The light of immolation in their eyes,
The green of youth eternal in their hair,
And Honor's music on them like sunrise.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

POPPY FIELDS

You say this poppy blooms so red
Because its roots were daily fed
On last year's cold and festering dead?

Such is the blessèd way of earth;
Oblivious, intent on mirth,
To turn rank death to gorgeous birth!

Even this brutal agony,
So hideous, so foul, will be
Romance to others, presently.

And would it not be proud romance
Falling in some obscure advance
To rise, a poppy field of France?

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

BELLS FOR JOHN WHITESIDES' DAUGHTER

There was such speed in her little body,
And such lightness in her footfall,
It is no wonder that her brown study
Astonishes us all.

Her wars were bruited in our high window.
We looked among orchard trees and beyond,
Where she took arms against her shadow,
Or harried unto the pond

The lazy geese, like a snow cloud
Dripping their snow on the green grass,
Tricking and stopping, sleepy and proud,
Who cried in goose, Alas,

For the tireless heart within the little
Lady with rod that made them rise
From their noon apple dreams, and scuttle
Goose-fashion under the skies!

But now go the bells, and we are ready;
In one house we are sternly stopped
To say we are vexed at her brown study,
Lying so primly propped.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

DEAD BOY

The little cousin is dead, by foul subtraction,
A green bough from Virginia's aged tree,
And neither the county kin love the transaction
Nor some of the world of outer dark, like me.

He was not a beautiful boy, nor good, nor clever,
A black cloud full of storms too hot for keeping,
A sword beneath his mother's heart,—yet never
Woman bewept her babe as this is weeping.

A pig with a pasty face, I had always said.
Squealing for cookies, kinned by pure pretense
With a noble house. But the little man quite dead,
I can see the forebears' antique lineaments.

The elder men have strode by the box of death
To the wide flag porch, and muttering low send round
The bruit of the day. O friendly waste of breath!
Their hearts are hurt with a deep dynastic wound.

He was pale and little, the foolish neighbors say;
The first-fruits, saith the preacher, the Lord hath taken;
But this was the old tree's late branch wrenched away,
Aggrieving the sapless limbs, the shorn and shaken.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

EMILY HARDCASTLE, SPINSTER

We shall come to-morrow morning, who were not to have
her love;
We shall bring no face of envy, but a gift of praise and
lilies
To the stately ceremonial we are not the heroes of.

Let the sisters now attend her, who are red-eyed, who are
wroth;
They were younger, she was finer, for they wearied of the
waiting
And they married them to merchants, being unbelievers
both.

I was dapper when I dangled in my pepper-and-salt;
We were only local beauties, and we beautifully trusted
If the proud one had to tarry we would take her by default.

But right across her threshold has the Grizzled Baron come;
Let them wrap her as a princess, who would patter down a stairway
Where the foreigner may take her for his gloomy halidom.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

OLD SAUL

I cannot think of any word
To make it plain to you,
How white a thing the hawthorn bush
That delicately blew.

Within a crook of Tinges Lane;
Each May Day there it stood;
And lit a flame of loveliness
For the small neighborhood.

So fragile-white a thing it was,
I cannot make it plain;
Or the sweet fumbling of the bees,
Like the break in a rain.

Old Saul lived near. And this his life:—
To cobble for his bread;
To mourn a tall son lost at sea;
A daughter worse than dead.

And so, in place of all his lack,
He set the hawthorn tree;
Made it his wealth, his mirth, his god,
His Zion to touch and see.

Born English he. Down Tinges Lane
  His lad's years came and went;
He saw out there behind his thorn,
  A hundred thorns of Kent.

At lovers slipping through the dusk
  He shook a lover's head;
Grudged them each flower. It was too white
  For any but the dead.

Once on a blurred, wet, silver day
  He said to two or three:
"Folks, when I go, pluck yonder bloom
  That I may take with me."

But it was winter when he went,
  The road wind-drenched and torn;
They laid upon his coffin lid
  A wreath made all of thorn.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

THE YOUNG MOTHER

The Host lifts high the candlelight—
  "Out in the dark who waits before?
Now who is this at mid of night,
  Comes faring to my door?"

With rushes is the chamber set;
  The house is sweet without, within;
For it may be she will forget
  The place where she hath been.

But lonely, lonely in the room,
With strange eyes looks she all about;
She sees the broken boughs in bloom,
And the red wine poured out.

They crowd around her where she stands,
The children and the elders there;
They put the cup within her hands;
They break the loaf so fair.

Oh, what to her that they are kind!
Oh, let the tears come like a tide!
She cannot keep from out her mind
The son for whom she died!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

REQUIEM

Tender the flowers are
Over a face asleep;
Silent white moon and star
Their lonely watches keep;
Softly the winds from far
Blow from the ancient deep.

Bright Year, what would you bring,
What is your will?
Wild birds that mate and sing
Where, on this hill,
Perishing, perishing,
Beauty lies still?

Winds of the ancient deep,
  Night that descends,
Take her now in your keep,
  Be you her friends;
Now that she lies asleep,
  And my world ends.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE.

THE DEAD

I wonder do they sit in endless rest—
Plantagenet and Cromwell turned from wars,
Copernicus forgetful of the stars
And Milton mouthing but some outworn jest,
Drake and Columbus hugging harbor, lest
The tempest beat too loudly through their spars,
King David muttering over ancient scars,
His sling forgot, his chin upon his breast?

Believe it not. Still down the centuries
Go marching Saul, Navarre and Coeur de Lion;
And Shakespeare, polishing a new-made rhyme,
Lays by his quill to watch old argosies
Flash past the golden headlands of Orion,
Their sails a-flutter in the winds of time.

VICTOR STARBUCK.

A MASQUE OF LOVED LADIES

When the boat touches on the other side
And I step out in those fair meads and wide,
I think I shall not care

To stoop, and smell
One hyacinth nor pluck one immortelle
Till I have found three ladies there
Who died,—
O long ago, but whom I know quite well
Because of what their lovers had to tell.

And one will be by spirits bright attended,
And I shall know her by her mantle green
And by the scarlet vest that shows between
Its parted folds;—and were those colors blended
From clinging memories of the gown she wore,
Walking that day
Along the Arno's shore,
When all his ardent soul was caught away
By the *Antico Amor?*

And one I'll find by "waters clear and fresh
And sweet," and still the mesh
Of her blonde hair
Will snare
The pearly bloom that falls upon its gold.
"Humbly she used to sit amid such glory";—
Ah, *dopo i perduti giorni,* where
Is he who told
Her beauty's story?
Finding the rest he prayed for at her feet,
By waters clear and fresh and sweet?

And then the last one; shall I know her too,—
The "wayward girl" who used to pass
Outside the prison of that window glass
And wave her kisses through?

"Graceful and silly, beautiful and strange,"—
Alas, she could not change!
Always we see her as she went and came
By Hampstead Heath, and wore her "duffel gray,"
While the wild singing flame
That burned in that young heart across the way
Burned out at last, and left her girlish name
With his to face the years,—
Writ in the water of our many tears.

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

"THE FEVER CALLED 'LIVING'"

Let us go on with experiments;
Let us dare and dream and do;
Some day we may make a world
With a buttercup in it,
Or a swallow's wing.

Olive Tilford Dargan.

THE WORLD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE

There is a world that's floored with clouds,
And hung with tall black trees
Whose lustrous heads are weighted down
With plumèd mysteries.

That world where pines grow upside-down,
And you can see the air,
Though it is clearer than clear glass—
I have lost something there.

I hang above my lifted oar,
And look, and look, until
The water-spell has almost caught
My heart, my dreaming will.

For very much I'd like to slip
Down through the rippled floor,
And dive for something I had once
And haven't any more.

KARLE WILSON BAKER.

THE ARTIST

What would you do—
If you had ear and brain attuned superbly
To all the iridescent humming-birds of faint
And delicate overtones
That play like spirit flames
Above the music?

Suppose your eyes could see
What mine see when a little wind passes,
And all the garden is suddenly barred and starred
With flying color.
Suppose the tilting planes of dogwood bloom
In the green spring mist of young leaves
Caught your breath as though a hand
Held your throat—
Or that the red haw veiling herself in May
Kept you awake at nights
Remembering her bridal look.
Oh, suppose this world of nuances,
Opal-soft and frail and swift,
Were for you a reality more hard
Than things you call reality,
And you lived always among the deaf and blind—
What would you do?

HENRY BELLAMANN.

THE UPWARD PASS

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita"

I

Observe, beloved, the increasing years,
How darkly fruitful they become with tears—

And on our feet, renowned of silver dancing,
The first reluctance in the light advancing!

II

The upward pass grows warier,
Eluding rose of hyacinth
Upon the slopes, obscurely undulant;

Its lunar curve is charier
Of that redundant labyrinth
Spread by the sun, demurely scintillant.

The upward pass seems cynical,
Denying remedy in green—
Uncertain even of a star-lit stair;

Its indirection, finical
And sheer, becomes concretely clean
Of dithyramb and of the dance of prayer.

III

We must foreswear the transient
Although the living pulse be stem
To all that windy diadem
Upon the fig-tree of content.

The gayety of bloom that shed
A leafy ecstasy below
Gives hint that you and I should go
While the black earth remembers red.

Perceive the sober blue across
The face of all the higher rocks,—
Its thin endurance gravely mocks
The apple branches' yearly loss,

And renders somehow sinister
Vivacious flickerings of birds—
We see them now as written words
Of Death's discreetest minister.

IV

I can believe the final measure
Of that clear music heard together
In the first dawn of youthful weather
Must close on some quite certain pleasure.

We have been told through long devotion
How last things are in first things dwelling
As fruit is in the May bud's swelling—
How often we have heard without emotion!

(Each one must tread a separate pattern,
Seeming to all the world eccentric,
Ending at last designs concentric
And perfect as the rings of Saturn.)

And yet, surprise will crowd our altars
When we in some exact conclusion
Rend veils of solemn old delusion
And fling behind us well thumbed Psalters.

HENRY BELLAMANN.

I GRIEVE FOR BEAUTY WASTED

Always I am mourning
The far-off, unseen places,
I, who gather beauty
As April gathers rains;
Always I am thinking
Of colored, wind-swept spaces,
And the radiant silence
Of unpeopled plains.

I grieve for beauty wasted—
Is there no way to keep it?
God hold it for a lover
Of sky and wind and flower,
And then some autumn twilight
God let him come and reap it;
A million years of splendor
In one breathless hour.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL.

SONGS

If I were told that I must go tonight,
Up to the country of the blessed dead,
With half my songs unsung, and all these white
Sheer things of beauty in my heart unsaid—
I would be chilled and sad a little while.
My lover, Life, has held me tenderly,
But I would kiss his red lips—I would smile,
And a door would close forever after me.

A flying white joy then, O, I would run,
Ahead of all the heavenly winds and fling
A thousand songs up to the heavenly sun,
A thousand songs that I have longed to sing,
And God, Himself, would smile to see me pass,
So swift and glad across the heavenly grass.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL.

LUTE AND FURROW

I

The winter has grown so still
I can stand at the foot of the hill
Where the stream beneath the bridge
Is dry as a heart after grief,
And hear at the top of the ridge
The wind as it lifts a leaf.

At last there is time, I say;
I will shut out the strife to-day;
I will take up my pen and once more
Meet that stranger, my soul, nor be dumb
As when earth was the whirlwind's floor,
And Life at her loom sat numb.

Springs, many as ever have been,
On sandals of moss shall slip in;
There is time for the laugh we would fling,
For the wiping of dust from our stars,
For a bee on his marketing wing,
For the forester wind's wild wares.

Comes the joy and the rushing pulse
That in beauty's beginning exults;
Then the weight tied fast to the heart;
The doubt that deadens the dawn;
And the raining sting and the smart
Of invisible whips laid on.

II

What is this sudden gaiety that shakes the greyest boughs?
A voice is calling fieldward, 'tis time to start the ploughs!
To set the furrows rolling while all the old crows nod,
And deep as life, the kernel, to cut the golden sod!
The pen, let nations have it,—we'll plough awhile for God.

When half the things that must be done are greater than
our art,
And half the things that must be done are smaller than
our heart,
And poorest gifts are dear to burn on altars unrevealed,
Like music comes the summons, the challenge from the
weald,—
"They tread immortal measure who make a mellow field!"

The planet may be pleasant, alluring in its way;
But let the ploughs be idle, and none of us can stay.
Here's where there is no doubting, no ghosts uncertain stalk,
A-travelling with the plough beam, beneath the sailing
hawk,
Cutting the furrow deep and true where Destiny will walk.

III

The winter has grown so still
I can pause and pluck what I will
From the arms of Time as he goes.
All the poems with beauty half-hid,
Yet touching my haste like a rose,
May fall to me now if I bid.

There's the book whose pages shall read
Like the hearts of old friends, who will need
For its quaint flowered paths no guide,
And into the late, sweet night
Will smile as they lay it aside—
The book that they once meant to write;

And one that may haunt a strange road,
Like a voice blown low from a wood,
And be song to the wanderer there,
Till the inn is a dark thing and cold,
And the night is a roof-tree dear,
And the moon his hearth of warm gold;

And that other whose music may be
As a flight of birds to the sea;
To the far island beaches made brave
With the feet of to-morrow; where strain
The lifters of stone from the grave
Of the world we have dreamed us and slain.

IV

Reproach is dark upon me; I almost grasp the pen;
When comes a laugh like daybreak, and "Winter's broke," says Len.
His eye is like a high priest's as glowingly he 'lows
He saw a bat by daylight fly roun' the pigeon-house.
"Ain't no time now for foolin', we got to start the ploughs."

We'll set the furrows rolling, and drop the yellow corn;
We'll plough along the universe that babies may be born.
Ay, no more time for fooling, here's task without a bound;
It's not the tame old earth now that's spinning us around;
It's Jupiter and Neptune when the plough is in the ground.

How light, how light the heart grows with something surely done!
When all the ploughs are going, and all the tasks are one!
Then Fame's a lass that smirks too late; the sun's a brother lout;
The moon's a lantern in our hand; the stars are fieldmen stout.
Oh, luck to die in ploughing time,—'twill be just one step out!

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

AN OUTLAND PIPER

I heard strange pipes when I was young,
Piping songs of an outland tongue.
I heard, and was agape to see
How like that piper was to me,
His brow, his gesture, even his dress
Perfections of my awkwardness,
And wandering forms of early wonder
Shaped into him, no more asunder.

Playing a tune to the rabble's whim
He marched away; I followed him.
For something in his rolling eye
Plucked at my senses mightily,
And something in that outland tongue
Drew me away, for I was young.
Then over the town he piping went;
Streets tipped, I thought, in ravishment;
Roofs clapped, and windows blazed to see
That alien piper, so like me.

I followed till the pipes trilled sweet
At the winding end of an unknown street,
And none of all the mob was nigh,
Nor door nor window cracked an eye,
And—"Follow me no more," he said,
"Though I be of thy father bred,
And though I speak from thine own blood,
Yet I am not of mortal brood;
And follow not my piping sweet
To find the walking world a cheat;
And cherish not my outland grace,
Nor pride in likeness to my face,
For children of an earthly mother
Cry out upon their demon brother."
His smile flashed out a sudden dawn,
In the dark street,—then he was gone;
And through the town where he had sung
The futile ravelled silence hung.

I heard, but I could not forget,
And through the world I follow yet,
And many a time I pause and sigh,
Thinking I hear his melody;
And peer at all men's charactery
To find that image so like me;
And wonder that his piping sweet
Left me to know a world's deceit,
Left me to seek an unknown kin
Through all the streets I travel in.

DONALD DAVIDSON.

AVALON

There was glory on the windy street
As he went stumbling home,
For the grape had climbed to a lofty seat
Under the tippling dome,
And he heard the grog in a jubilant hum
Pounding the casks of Christendom.

A ditty throbbed in the back of his head
With vinous monotone—
"Fair Rosabelle is still unwed
In far-off Avalon. . . ."
And, hotter than wine, his fancy lit
Dead finite into infinite.

An old candescent moment, lost
In a tasteless regimen,
With sudden starry pentecost
Rushed back to him again.
He had no ring or lamp or book,
But the houses whisked at his finger's crook.

Now icy walks could not persuade
His feet from mountainy heather.
He flung cold winds a gasconade
And took an April weather.
Shadows, edging for him to pass,
Became a thicket clutching the grass.

The path was old; the spring had power.
Black roots had twisted free
Into slanting balcony, spiral tower,

Issuing musically.
He walked upon familiar quest,
Sang, loitered, stared, as pleased him best.

Yet something absent plagued his mind—
Change that would not be changed.
The blossoms blew upon the wind,
Horns rang—as he arranged—
But he could not charm to the tinselled air
A golden presence once known there.

The spring had power; the streets grew dark
He sought in hopeful tryst
At door and window's slitted spark
The vision that he missed,
The final grace to seal the spell,
The shadow that was Rosabelle.

Fair Rosabelle was not abroad.
Could he call the journey waste?
At least he declared himself not awed
By the wonder of spires interlaced
On the heavenward towers of Avalon,
For he looked,—and towers cracked and were gone.

He commanded no other sort of magic
As he went shambling home,
But he sat on the doorstep, finding it tragic
(Under a tippling dome)
To face a snow and a bleak wind slanting
Or within, a cold voice, peevish and ranting.

DONALD DAVIDSON.

THE WOLF

The flour-barrels, cracker-boxes, cans
Of lard and coffee hem the live beast in,
Who jingles furtive fingers through the till,
Dropping delicious coins with snap and grin.

Drooling, like one who should be crunching bones,
He mouths the figured column of his kill.
A sneaking blast rattles the locked door;
The cat looks on, oracular and still.

The eyes that should be centering the brush
Blink at the hot stove's belly, glowing red.
The breath that should go howling to the moon
Blows out the lamp and wheezes off to bed.

DONALD DAVIDSON.

THE BUILDER

The edges of the stones are sharp
But I shall travel far,
For I must seek and seek and seek
Wherever such stones are.

I am building me a secret place
With stones that cut my hands;
But I must build and build and build
Until a temple stands.

CAROLINE GILTINAN.

"IN HIS WILL"

There is a stillness in October air
Deeper than wisdom. On the dying hills
Wave after wave of orient glory spills,
And burns in silent flame. The forests wear
Unearthly radiance on their solemn hair,
And field by field the birds arise, their wills
One with the Mighty Will that flows and fills
The earth as liquid ocean fills its lair.
Be simple as the world. The wild birds flying
Have no regret, but them the Immortal Will
Breathes on, and on the earth, with serene breath.
Indifferently beauty comes, and death;
Man's pain is like man's life, illusion still,
And past all surmise there's a peace in dying.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

My neighbor has a herd, my neighbor has a flock,
But I have a barn with a gilt weathercock.

I have no horses, I have no hay,
But I have a weathercock, gilt and gay.

My neighbor has a flock, my neighbor has a herd,
But I have a beautiful bright tin bird.

And when I am dead, this will be said:
He had a weathercock on his shed;
He had no herd, he had no flock,
But he had a barn with a gilt weathercock;

He had no horses, he had no hay,
But he had a weathercock, gilt and gay;
His neighbor had a flock, his neighbor had a herd,
But he had a beautiful bright tin bird!

RICHARD R. KIRK.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT

I don't know where I'd get another one
When this poor stupid faithful body's gone,
And I'm not certain that I'll want the bother
Of teaching, healing, mourning, such another.

RICHARD R. KIRK.

THE MICE

The mice were not impressed by that great house
Wherein you had your glory and your ease;
Magnificence is wasted on a mouse:
They judge all things by cheese.

RICHARD R. KIRK.

THRICE BLESSED

Thrice blessed are our friends: they come, they stay,
And presently they go away.

RICHARD R. KIRK.

MY INSTANT

Because thro' twenty times ten million years
The earth has hung in starry space, yet I
Have but an hour wherein to live and die—
An instant only, shall I dim with tears

My glimpse of earth? Shall hesitations, fears
And doubts confound me, or despair defy?
No! Rather shall my voice be lifted high
In thankfulness that all of time's arrears
Are paid me in the instant that gives sun
And moon to me, that makes the wild winds mine
To ride upon. I am a part of thee—
Spirit of Beauty, spirit of Splendor, one
In flower and flame! A moment I am thine:
Could all eternity give more to me?

MARY SINTON LEITCH.

PITY THE GREAT

Pity the great—it is their doom to be
The champions of lost causes. Though they seem
To reach the heights that we may hold supreme,
There loom above them peaks we may not see.
Sadder the eyes of Lincoln than of Lee:
Although around him flags of triumph stream,
Still, still he hears the voices of his dream
Whisper amid the shouts of victory.

Christ, Galileo, Socrates, Descartes,
And all to whom the truth is law of laws;
Seekers of truth unmindful of the cost,
Servants of truth, all other gods apart:
They would not be the great, were not the cause
They love so great that it must needs be lost.

MARY SINTON LEITCH.

THE POET

In the darkness he sings of the dawning,
In the desert he sings of a rose,
Or of limpid and laughing water
That thro green meadows flows.

He flings a Romany ballad
Out thro his prison bars
And, deaf, he sings of nightingales
Or, blind, he sings of stars.

And hopeless and old and forsaken,
At last with failing breath
A song of faith and youth and love
He sings at the gates of death.

MARY SINTON LEITCH.

APOLOGY

I am a poetaster
  And my knee I bend
To Marlowe, my master,
  Villon, my friend.

I am a swashbuckler,
  And I break my sword
Before Blake, my tutor,
  Shakespeare, my lord.

I should burn my song-books
  This very day
If singing didn't matter
  So little anyway.

JOHN MCCLURE.

AS I LAY DREAMING ABED

As I lay dreaming abed
  Between the night and the day
It suddenly entered my head
  How all folk are fey.

It suddenly entered my head
  How he and I and she
Would suddenly pass away
  And vanish utterly.

JOHN MCCLURE.

DAEDALUS SINGS IN THE DUSK: BEFORE THE SKYLINE OF NEW YORK

All through the day I toil for little gods,
Build tunnels below legendary seas,
Or, smarting under their importunate rods,
I strive to fashion monuments like these.

Cleansed of the labourers' stains I come at dusk,
Wingless and humbled on the ground to lie,
A heap of charnel ash held in the husk
Of that old Daedalus who used to fly.

Something men have that half-gods never know;
The power to sensitize cold, lifeless things;
To make stones breathe and out of metal grow
Escarpments that deny the need of wings.

Oh, Icarus, could we two but have run
Along these walls and that way reached the sun!

VIRGINIA MCCORMICK.

"I SHALL NOT MAKE A GARMENT OF MY GRIEF"

I shall not make a garment of my grief,
  Enshrouding me, for all the world to see;
But I shall wear grief as a secret charm,
  Where none may see—close to the heart of me!

I shall not go in mourning livery
  So that, as I pass by, the world will say:
"Behold a mourner!" Only night shall know
  My tears—I shall go smiling in the day!

Yet they who grieve shall know the charm is there,
  Close to my heart—my secret talisman!
And they will dry their eyes and smile at me,
  And understand—as but the grieving can!

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY.

A MINOR POET

The sun is a fire
Of liquid gold,
The moon is a beacon
And silver cold.

The planets burn
With a flaming light,
The stars are the topaz
Eyes of night.

But I am only
A glow-worm's spark,
Revealing the rose
When the night is dark.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

SAND DUNES AND SEA

Blue skies and bluer sea with its white teeth showing,
Gold dunes made sweet by yellow jasmine growing,
And over sand and sea a keen wind blowing.

Gray skies and grayer days and the years swift going;
Youth's golden dunes all white with winter's snowing . . .
And in my heart the bitter wind of memory blowing.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

ADVENTURE

Who would not love to go
Out where the breakers blow,
Curling and green and slow,
  With a rose sail?
Lands there are far away,
Marvelous in the spray,
Turquoise by night, by day
  Gold as the grail.
Morning's the time to start
Just with a tipsy heart.
Wisdom a tiny part
  Taking, you fail.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

THE WANDERER

I have grown weary of the open sea,
The chartless ways, the storms, the loneliness,
The coast that topples, tall and shelterless—
Weary of faring where all things are free!

Yet once the open sea was all romance,
Purple and olive-stained and golden-scaled;
And every breeze from some adventure hailed,
And shoals were silver for the moon to dance.

The cliffs were only tall to keep untrod
The kingdom of the fay hung high in air,
And every storm was but Poseidon's dare,
And brave it was to battle with a god.

Ah, blithe it was when the mad night was done
And day with flying hair woke wild and white,
To see the salty sail loom in the light
And know one battle more was bravely won.

Then these were magic seas that ever rang
With melodies, now wild, now sweet, now glad;
At dusk the drifting choirs unseen were sad
And in the lulls of night the sirens sang.

They sing no more; the colors now are grey;
The cliffs defend not fairyland, but home;
And when th' impenitent, hoar sea has clomb
The clouds, I have no heart to sing or pray.

Oh, I am weary of the open sea,
Vigils and storms and watches without name,
The ache of long resistance without aim,
The fetters of the fetterless and free.

There is some haven that no tempest mars,
Some brown-hilled harbor, hushed and clear and deep,
Where tired evening may sit down and weep,
And, waking, find not water there but stars.

There would I creep at last ere day is done,
With ashen sail dropped down and cordage white;
There rest secure, there find before the night
A little hour of peace, a little sun!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

SALVAGE

Three things in my house are my own.
Not the dark pictures whose blood runs in my veins,
Nor the vines that I trained round the windows,
Nor even the books.
But the curve of a shabby armchair that molded itself on your body,
And the echoes of songs that you sang,
And the square of sun
That comes as it came, first in the morning,
When you had opened the window.

BEATRICE RAVENEL.

AFTER

Oh, the littles that remain!
Scent of mint out in the lane;
Flare of window; sound of bees—
These, but these.

Three times sitting down to bread;
One time climbing up to bed;
Table-setting over and o'er;
Drying herbs for winter's store;
This thing; that thing;—nothing more.

But just now out in the lane,
Oh, the scent of mint was plain!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

TEARS

When I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

THE COOL OF EVENING

The wind is low in air,
And shakes the box-tree bare
Of spice, long hoarded there;
Cut black against the orange sky,
Two neighbors hurry by.

The door's ajar. I see
The table set for me,
My mother in her chair
Ready to say the prayer.

In journeyings to and fro
Our poor wild lives do go—
Then wind, scent, flare of sky,
The cool of evening nigh;
Roof, loaf, the fond word said—
Then afterward to bed.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

DUSK FROM A TRAIN WINDOW

There is a moment between day and night
When magic lives in light,
When snow upon the fields lies like blue sleep,
And the purple intricate trees
Stand out enchanted in the cold silences
Like branching mysteries;
A moment when one farm-lamp's window glow
Seems as I pass upon a speeding train
To make all human loss a sudden gain,
Because the ancient sacraments of home,
The humble sacraments of food and rest,
Are taken there in the untroubled gloam
By hearts that love, the ministrant, has blest.
There is a moment between day and night
When magic lives in light.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

SON AND MOTHER

Do you know what you are fighting against, fatuous mother
Of the adolescent boy, who does not turn to heed you?
The desire of Paris for Helen; Caesar's for Cleopatra,
No longer does he need you.

One kind of passion in your arms he learned of you.
But now he cannot remember your soft thrilling breasts.
He can only feel that the girl budding beside him there
Is all his quests.

Do you imagine you can call him back to you,
Or bribe away his years with amorous mothering?
It were as easy to bribe the wild young oak yonder
To refuse the sap of Spring.

He is no longer a son. His passion is prouder and older
Than motherhood; so he masters you, as his father did.
His father is dead. And himself is the sire of the future.
In the girl a mother is hid.

Do you not see your caresses are the *past* to him?
He feels in your eyes what he loathes to think has ever been
In the eyes of any before. Young love would have creation
With itself begin.

Under the leaves he leads her. Adam of old led Eve so.
He does not need you. Fold your hands, and go; it is fate.
In a year the cry of a child will suffer him to remember.
Go—and wait.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

VANITY FAIR

All that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity.—Bunyan.

The pilgrims throng to the market place,
(Loud the laughter in Vanity Fair)
They spend their souls for profit and place,
Body and breath for tinsel and lace—

What'll ye buy?
Honors for age and foibles for youth;
They sell all merchandise here but truth.
What'll ye buy? What'll ye buy?
Silks and ribbons of curious dye?
Far off and faint is the Prophet's cry,
All that cometh is vanity!

The ships come in from the utmost sea,
(Heave Ho! Vanity Fair!)
The ships come in from the utmost sea
With bales of purple and spicery—
What'll ye buy?
Opals and ivory, amber and jade,
Dice for the gallant and rouge for the maid.
What'll ye buy? What'll ye buy?
Lust of the flesh? pride of the eye?—
Like a bird in the night, the wandering cry,
All that cometh is vanity!

The grapes hang thick on the purpling vine,
(Red is the wine in Vanity Fair)
The bubbles dance on the crimson wine
And the hand of my love lies soft in mine—
What'll ye buy?
Slippers of satin and trinkets of shell—
Ah, where is the merchant hath heartsease to sell?
What'll ye buy? the hucksters shrill;
But the Prophet's cry draws nearer still
As he points to a cross on a lonely hill—
Vanity, all is vanity!

VICTOR STARBUCK.

RENUNCIATION

Since I renounced the rose,
And found the poppy best,
Now I would rest.

Because I wept, as those
Who have no hope, do weep,
Now I would sleep.

Since deep within a grave
I laid my treasures by,
Now I would die.

And yet—because I gave
These things I had to give—
Now I can live!

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

THE OUTDOOR THEATRE

In this sweet curving place
The play is always on,
The lights forever lit;
No *exeunt omnes* can unfashion it
Or bid its mimicry be gone.
The poplars' choral grace
Is here, the grasses' lithe ballet;
While yonder tree
Stands stark as Lear in his bitter age,
Howling upon the wind.
And see!

What flashed across the stage?
Was it a maple leaf that danced away,
Or Rosalind?

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

QUI VIVE!

Who goes there?
No sound on all the air.
Perhaps it was the rose
That lit the days of June,
So still she goes!
Perhaps it was the moon
Slipping behind the hill,
She goes on still!
Or autumn's footsteps on the grass,
That softly pass
And soon.

Who goes there?
And where?
Alas,
There's none who knows,
Nor why it is so fair—
This All that Flows!

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

EPITAPH OF A POET

Here lies a spendthrift who believed
That only those who spend may keep;
Who scattered seeds, yet never grieved
Because a stranger came to reap;
A failure who might well have risen;
Yet, ragged, sang exultantly
That all success is but a prison,
And only those who fail are free:

Who took what little Earth had given,
And watched it blaze, and watched it die;
Who could not see a distant Heaven
Because of dazzling nearer sky;

Who never flinched till Earth had taken
The most of him back home again,
And the last silences were shaken
With songs too lovely for his pen.

DuBose Heyward.

APPENDICES

NOTES ON THE POETS

Hervey Allen was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, December 8, 1889. Receiving his undergraduate education at the United States Military Academy and the University of Pittsburg, Mr. Allen later spent some time at Harvard. His right to inclusion in this anthology is based on four years' residence in Charleston, South Carolina, where he taught first in the Porter Military Academy and later in the Charleston High School. Mr. Allen's most famous poem, "The Blindman," testifies to the poet's experience with the 111th Infanty of the 28th Division, with which organization of the A. E. F. he spent two years in Europe during the World War and was wounded in action in August, 1918. Since leaving Charleston, Mr. Allen has taught at Columbia and at Vassar.

A founder of the Poetry Society of South Carolina, a writer at the MacDowell Colony, and a member of the Poetry Society of America, Hervey Allen has for some years been definitely associated with creative writing in America. His published work includes: "Wampum and Old Gold" (1921), "The Bride of Huitzil" (1922), "Carolina Chansons" (with DuBose Heyward—1922), "The Blindman" (1923), "Earth Moods" (1925), "Toward The Flame" (1926), and "Israfel, The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe" (1926).

Karle Wilson Baker was born at Little Rock, Arkansas, October 13, 1878, and received her early education in the

public schools of that city and in Little Rock Academy, later attending the University of Chicago, Columbia University, and the University of California. In 1925 she was granted the Litt.D. degree by Southern Methodist University at Dallas. Mrs. Baker is now professor of English at the Stephen F. Austin State Teachers' College, Nacogdoches, Texas. Her present interest in writing she attributes largely to her study of composition under William Vaughn Moody and Robert Herrick at the University of Chicago.

Mrs. Baker besides having held offices in the Poetry Society of Texas is a member of the Poetry Society of America and of the California Writers' Club. In addition to stories, essays, and poems contributed to various of the better magazines, she has to her credit three volumes of prose: "The Garden of the Plynck" (1920), a story-book for children, "Old Coins" (1923), a collection of tales, and "The Texas Flag" (1926), a primer adopted for use by the public schools of her state. Her volumes of poetry are: "Blue Smoke" (1919) and "Burning Bush" (1922).

Henry Bellamann, poet, critic, and musician, was born at Fulton, Missouri, April 28, 1882, receiving his education at Westminster College (Fulton, Missouri) and at the University of Denver. He later studied his profession of music in Paris, London, and New York, and in 1926 was granted the degree of Doctor of Music by DePauw University. For many years a professional musician, a teacher of music, and a critic, Mr. Bellamann has written extensively of his profession, and a reader of his "Cups of Illusion" must be struck by the importance his musical learning plays in his handling of free verse. For seventeen years dean of the School of Fine Arts at Chicora College for Women at Co-

lumbia, South Carolina, Mr. Bellamann is now chairman of the Examining Board of the Juilliard Musical Foundation.

A contributor of critical essays to musical journals and of papers in the realm of aesthetics, Henry Bellamann is also the author of two volumes of poetry: "Cups of Illusion" (1923) and "The Upward Pass" (1927). He is a member of the Poetry Society of South Carolina and of the Norfolk Poets' Club.

Grace Noll Crowell, born at Inland, Iowa, and educated in the public schools there and at "a small Northern college," has been a resident of Dallas, Texas, since 1919. Her present occupation she gives as "writer and homekeeper."

Since moving to Texas, Mrs. Crowell has identified herself with various literary groups—The Poetry Society of Texas (of which she is secretary) and The Poetry Society of America among them. Long an accepted contributor to the magazines of England and the United States, Mrs. Crowell in 1925 brought her poetry into a volume, "White Fire," which won the first book-publishing contest of The Texas Poetry Society.

Olive Tilford Dargan was born at Tilford Springs, Grayson County, Kentucky. Beginning to teach at thirteen, a career which she followed in Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, and Nova Scotia, she interrupted the teaching to study at Peabody College for Teachers and at Radcliffe, at the Boston Public and Harvard Libraries. For a period she worked as secretary for the president of the Boston Rubber Company, a work which gave her an insight into big business and a socialist bias never likely to be outlived. After several years abroad in England, Wales, Switzerland, and France, and after her marriage, she returned to

New York where she lived for six years before taking up her residence in the mountains of western North Carolina. Here, through her love for the mountains, Mrs. Dargan became a "dirt" farmer, living on her estate at Round Top in Swain County. In 1925 she moved to West Asheville, still keeping close to her beloved Blue Ridge.

Her familiarity with mountain life and people manifests itself in much of Mrs. Dargan's latest work—particularly in the book of prose sketches and tales, "Highland Annals" (1925), and her last volume of poems, "Lute and Furrow" (1922). Two volumes of poetry preceded "Lute and Furrow": "Pathflower" (1914) and "The Cycle's Rim" (1916).

Donald Davidson was born August 18, 1893, at Campbellsville, Giles County, Tennessee. He was educated at the Branham and Hughes School at Spring Hill, Tennessee, and holds B.A. and M.A. degrees from Vanderbilt University. Mr. Davidson has always lived in Middle Tennessee, but "like most Americans," he says, he has "been about a bit." Part of the bit referred to was two years in the army. Commissioned a second lieutenant from the First R. O. T. C. at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, Davidson was assigned to the 81st Division, Camp Jackson, was promoted to first lieutenant and served in France with the 324th Infantry of the 81st Division. After the World War he returned to Vanderbilt University as a member of the Department of English.

Donald Davidson was one of the founders and leaders in The Fugitive group at Nashville, serving at one time as editor of that very interesting journal, *The Fugitive*. In addition to his teaching at Vanderbilt, he has found time to edit one of the best book review pages in the South for

the Nashville *Tennesseean* and to write two volumes of poetry, "An Outland Piper" (1924) and "The Tall Men" (1927).

Caroline Giltinan (Mrs. Leo P. Harlow), a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, was born in Philadelphia, April 19, 1884. During the World War she served in various capacities in France, as secretary to United States Base Hospital 38 of the A. E. F. at Nantes and later at Tours. After the armistice and her discharge she was associated with Herbert Hoover's American Relief Administration in Paris and did special work for the American General Consulate in Brussels. Later she took up work with the Associated Press in Paris and New York. Upon her marriage in 1920 she made her residence in Alexandria, Virginia.

"The Divine Image," Miss Giltinan's volume of lyrics, appeared in 1917. Previous to this publication she had collaborated with Joyce Kilmer in a collection of poems called "Dreams and Images." Since moving to Virginia, Mrs. Harlow has continued to publish in British and American magazines and to find her way into various anthologies. She is an active member of the Poetry Society of America and the Poetry Society of Virginia.

DuBose Heyward was born in Charleston, South Carolina, August 31, 1885. Educated in the public schools of Charleston and engaging in business there, he has done much of his writing about that city. As organizer, along with John Bennett and Hervey Allen, of the Poetry Society of his state, Mr. Heyward's influence on the poetic development of the South has been great. Perhaps it may be fairly said that the "Southern Number" of Harriet Monroe's "Poetry" (1921), edited by DuBose Heyward and

Hervey Allen in collaboration, was the focal point of the recent poetic development in the section, since that issue of the magazine summarized what had been done to date and pointed clearly the way of the future. Mr. Heyward also rendered yeoman's service by his public reading and lectures on the contemporary movement of his section—lectures popular both North and South.

DuBose Heyward has published two volumes of poetry. In 1922 appeared "Carolina Chansons," the result of collaboration again with Hervey Allen; in 1924 came "Skylines and Horizons." Since 1924 Mr. Heyward has turned his attention chiefly to prose writing. His first novel, "Porgy" (1925), is a story of Charleston. His second, "Angel" (1926), portrays the life of mountain people in North Carolina, a background familiar to Mr. Heyward as the result of many summers spent near Hendersonville in that state.

Margaret Belle Houston (Mrs. William H. Probert) was born at Cedar Bayou, Texas, and received her education at St. Mary's College, Dallas, and as a student at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

Besides two volumes of verse: "Prairie Flowers" (1907), and "The Singing Heart and Other Poems" (1926), Mrs. Probert has written considerable prose. A novel, "The Little Straw Wife," appeared in 1914; since then many of her stories have been published. She is a member of both the Poetry Society of Texas and the Poetry Society of America. "The Singing Heart," from which the poems used in this anthology were taken, won the second annual publication prize of the Texas Society.

Howard Mumford Jones, born at Saginaw, Michigan, April 16, 1892, received his education at the State Normal

School, LaCrosse, Wisconsin, at the University of Wisconsin (B.A. 1914), and at the University of Chicago (M.A. 1915). From 1919 to 1925 he served the University of Texas as associate professor of comparative literature; since 1925 he has been at the University of North Carolina where he is now professor of English literature. In addition to his teaching of English and continental literature, Mr. Jones has identified himself definitely with dramatic writing and production both at Chicago and at Austin. Two of his published plays are: "The Shadow" (1927) and "The Case of Professor Bonoring" (1924).

Author of the "Convocation Ode" for the University of Chicago in 1915, Jones has since published a translation of Heine's poem, "The North Sea" (1918), and a volume of poems, "Gargoyles" (1918). "Heartbreak," appearing in this anthology, won a prize in a sonnet sequence contest held in 1926 by the Poetry Society of Virginia.

Richard Kirk, associate professor of English at The Tulane University of Louisiana and a poet with several volumes to his credit, was born at St. Clair, Michigan, November 20, 1877. After his education at the Detroit Central High School and the University of Michigan, where he took a graduate degree, Mr. Kirk engaged in newspaper work, took up a residence in France, and travelled generally in Europe. Later, he served in France for eighteen months, chiefly in the ambulance corps, during the World War. His professional experience has been as a teacher of English at the University of Michigan, at Cornell, at the Georgia School of Technology, and, since 1903, at Tulane.

Richard Kirk has been an active figure in the Poetry Society of Louisiana—he was president for a term in 1925—and is the author of three small volumes of poems—"Little

Dust" (1920), "Penny Wise" (1924) and "A Tallow Dip" (1926).

Mary Stinton Leitch was born in New York City, September 8, 1876. Educated in private schools in New Jersey and New York she also attended Smith College and later Columbia University, studying as well in France and Germany. Mrs. Leitch seems to come honestly by her interest in poetry; she is the daughter of one class poet at Yale, Charlton T. Lewis, and a sister of two other Yale poets, Joseph McKeen Lewis and Charlton Miner Lewis. Perhaps more important in the moulding of her writing than her formal education or her European travels were three years as a sea vagabond, journeying to all sorts of out-of-the-way places on various tramp steamers. Mrs. Leitch, too, has had practical experience in the work-a-day world; she has served as inspector for women's prisons in New York state and as chairman of a Norfolk committee to secure a juvenile court for that city.

Her writing has brought her into association with various groups. Besides being a member of the Poetry Societies of America and of England, she is secretary of the Virginia Society and an active member of the Norfolk Poets' Club. Three volumes of her poetry have appeared: "The Waggon and the Star" (1922), "The Unrisen Morrow" (1926) and an historical pageant, "The Coming of the Cross" (1927). Her home is at Lynnhaven, near Norfolk, Virginia.

John McClure, poet, essayist, and journalist, was born at Ardmore, Oklahoma, December 19, 1893. Before graduating from the University of his native state, in 1915, Mr. McClure spent a year in Paris with a friend who was studying art. "I did nothing whatever there," says McClure, "except catch verse libre from which I believe I have re-

covered." Mr. McClure, who is now living in New Orleans where he is on the staff of the *Times Picayune*, first found favorable reception for his poetry in the pages of the old *Smart Set* under the editorship of H. L. Mencken. This cordial relationship with Mr. Mencken seems to have continued, since Mr. McClure now contributes essays, often on questions of aesthetics, to the *American Mercury*.

John McClure, a member of the Poetry Society of Louisiana, is the author of one book of poems, "Airs and Ballads" (1918), for some years now unfortunately out of print.

Virginia McCormick was born in Berryville, Clark County, Virginia. Her education, she states, was secured "from the usual inadequate schools which leave all education to be devolved from home influences and personal desires. My best educational value was my mother's reading aloud all the best English novelists, with Dickens and Thackeray as the centripetal forces, to a large family of girls and boys, all eager for more."

Mrs. McCormick is a member of numerous literary groups. In addition to serving as president of the Poetry Society of Virginia, to editing *The Lyric* (published by the Norfolk Poets' Club), and to taking active interest in the Poetry Society of America, Mrs. McCormick does considerable critical writing. Her two collections of verse are: "Stardust and Gardens" (1920) and "Voices of the Wind" (1924).

Kadra Maysi (Katherine Drayton Mayrant Simons, Jr.) of Summerville, South Carolina, was born in Charleston in 1892. She received her education in private schools of Summerville and Charleston and is a graduate of Converse College in her home state.

Miss Simons has published two volumes of verse: "Shadow

Songs" (1911) and "The Patteran" (1925). She is a member of the Poetry Society of South Carolina.

Roselle Mercier Montgomery was born in Crawfordsville, Georgia, and reared in Washington and Augusta of that state. Her education was secured at Mary Baldwin Seminary (Staunton, Virginia) and through special courses in English at Harvard and Columbia. Beginning to write in early youth, when some of her work secured publication, Mrs. Montgomery stopped her writing for a number of years upon her marriage, resuming again in 1920 with publication of a poem in *The New York Times*. Since then she has written several hundred poems which have appeared under her own name and that of "Glen Allen." In 1923 her "Ulysses Returns" won first prize of the Poetry Society of America; in 1925 her "To Helen, Middle-Aged" won the second annual prize of the same society.

Besides membership in the Poetry Society of America, Mrs. Montgomery has affiliations with the Poetry Society of England, the Authors' League of America, and a half dozen other organizations for writers. She has now in preparation a volume of translations from Horace. "*Ulysses Returns and Other Poems*," a volume of her verse, was published in 1925.

John Richard Moreland, founder and first editor of *The Lyric*, the most consistent and persistent of all the little verse magazines from the South, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, November 28, 1880. Mr. Moreland, who has worked in various capacities, as bookkeeper, railroader, and bank clerk, as well as poet and critic, has had a wider practical experience than comes to many poets.

Besides being one of the founders of the Norfolk Poets' Club, Mr. Moreland is a member of the Poetry Society of

America and the Poetry Society of London. His two volumes are: "Red Poppies in the Wheat" (1921) and "The Sea—and April" (1927).

Cotton Noe (James Thomas Cotton Noe), professor of education at the University of Kentucky, was born near Springfield, Kentucky, May 2, 1864. A graduate of Franklin College (Indiana), from which institution he holds three degrees, Mr. Noe has also done graduate work at Cornell University and at the University of Chicago. Before going to Lexington, Cotton Noe had wide experience teaching in various Kentucky schools and also practiced law for a time. His teaching, law practice, and Chautauqua lecturing brought him into contact with numerous quaint characters, many of whom he has recreated in his verse. He is the one poet in "The Lyric South" sponsored by a state legislature—he was made official state laureate in 1926 by the General Assembly of Kentucky.

A member of the Canterbury Club, the Louisville Arts Club, and other societies, Cotton Noe is the author of the following volumes of verse: "The Loom of Life" (1912), "The Blood of Rachael" (1917), "Tip Sams of Kentucky" (1926).

William Alexander Percy, lawyer and poet, was born in Greenville, Mississippi, May 14, 1885. After securing his B.A. at the University of the South (Sewanee, Tennessee), Mr. Percy studied law at Harvard, completing his work there in 1908. He is junior member of the law firm, Percy and Percy, at Greenville. In 1916 he served with the Commission for Relief in Belgium, returning to America to be commissioned as a first lieutenant at the second officers' training corps, Leon Springs, Texas, in October, 1917. After service in France with the 37th Division of the

A. E. F., he was discharged as captain in 1919, returning to his practice of law.

Mr. Percy has published three volumes of his poetry: "Sappho in Levkas" (1915), "In April Once" (1920), and "Enzio's Kingdom" (1924). He also serves the cause of poetry as editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets.

Josephine Pinckney, educated at Ashley Hall and the College of Charleston, in her native city of Charleston, South Carolina, was another of the organizers of the Poetry Society of South Carolina. Engaged in writing, travel, and study, she has of late years directed her attention to poetry, "Sea Drinking Cities," published in the autumn of 1927, being her first volume.

John Crowe Ransom, of the English department at Vanderbilt University, was born at Pulaski, Tennessee, April 30, 1888. After completing his undergraduate work at Vanderbilt in 1909, he attended Oxford University, England, as a Rhodes scholar. In 1917, Mr. Ransom was a student in the first officers' training corps at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, where he was commissioned a first lieutenant. He served in France for two years with the 5th Regiment Field Artillery of the 1st Division and was for a period an instructor in the Saumur School in France. Upon returning to America, Mr. Ransom resumed his teaching at Vanderbilt and, associating himself with others in Nashville, brought together the Fugitive group of poets, a coterie distinguished by the high quality of its writing and an intelligent regard for poetry. Over a period of some years this group published their own magazine, *The Fugitive*, a journal which found fine critical reception in America.

To date, Mr. Ransom has published three volumes of

his poetry: "Poems About God" (1919), "Chills and Fever" (1924), "Two Gentlemen in Bonds" (1927).

Beatrice Ravenel (Mrs. S. Prioleau Ravenel), a prominent member of the Charleston group of writers, was born in Charleston, August 24, 1870. She received her formal education at Miss Kelly's School (Charleston) and as a special student at Radcliffe.

Before publishing her volume of poems, "The Arrow of Lightning" (1926), Mrs. Ravenel had won distinction in another field of writing, the short story. Mrs. Ravenel is a member of the Poetry Society of South Carolina and of the Poetry Society of America.

Lizette Woodworth Reese, for forty-five years a teacher in the public schools of Baltimore, was educated in the private and public schools of that city, where she was born in 1856. The last twenty years she spent teaching in one school—the Western High School, where in May, 1923, after Miss Reese's retirement, the teachers, alumnae, and pupils dedicated a bronze tablet inscribed with the poet's most famous poem, "Tears."

Miss Reese's long and distinctive record as one of America's chief lyricists has brought her much recognition and made her the honorary member of many societies—among them the Poetry Society of America and the Poetry Society of Maryland. Her published volumes are: "A Branch of May" (1887), "A Handful of Lavender" (1891), "A Quiet Road" (1896), "A Wayside Lute" (1909), "Spicewood" (1920), "Wild Cherry" (1923) and "Selected Poems" (1926).

Cale Young Rice, poet and dramatist, was born in Dixon, Kentucky, December 7, 1872. Graduating from

Cumberland University in 1893, he continued his study, particularly of philosophy, at Harvard where he took a graduate degree, returning then to Cumberland University to teach English literature for a time. The teaching was given up for a writing career. Mr. Rice is the author of numerous volumes of poetry, a novel: "Youth's Way" (1923), two volumes of short stories with Mrs. Rice's collaboration: "Turn About Tales" (1920) and "Winners and Losers" (1925), and various poetic dramas. His collections of poems are: "From Dusk to Dusk" (1898), "With Omar" (1900), "Song-Surf" (1900), "Nirvana Days" (1908), "Many Gods" (1910), "Far Quests" (1912), "At the World's Heart" (1914), "Earth and New Earth" (1916), "Trails Sunward" (1917), "Wraiths and Realities" (1918), "Songs to A. H. R." (1918), "Shadowy Thresholds" (1919), "Sea Poems" (1921), "A Pilgrim's Scrip" (1924), "A Sea-Lover's Scrip" (1925), and "Bitter Brew" (1925). The reader who wishes to acquaint himself with Mr. Rice's poetry through a single volume will find "Selected Plays and Poems" (1926) to contain the work through which the author himself wishes most to be known.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts, a Kentuckian by birth and rearing, is a descendant of pioneer stock that found its way into the state through the Wilderness Trail with one of the early Boone expeditions. After graduating from high school, she went to the Colorado Rockies to regain her health, later returning and attending the University of Chicago where she studied philosophy and language, taking her Ph.B. in 1921. Lately Miss Roberts has been living in California.

Miss Roberts is the author of one volume of poems: "Under the Tree" (1922) and of a novel: "The Time of

Man" (1926) which, though written in prose, is often sheer poetry. A second novel, "My Heart and My Flesh," appeared the following year.

Archibald Rutledge, teacher, writer, naturalist, was born at McClellansville, South Carolina, October 23, 1883. A graduate of Porter Academy (Charleston) he secured his B.S. and A.M. degrees from Union College (New York). In addition to eight volumes of verse, Mr. Rutledge has written widely in prose on nature subjects—particularly as he has made their acquaintance in and around his South Carolina plantation. His books of poems are: "In After Years," "Under the Pines" (1907), "The Banners of the Coast" (1908), "New Poems" (1917), "Songs from a Valley" (1919), "South of Richmond" (1922), "Collected Poems" (1925), and a new volume, soon to appear, "Twilight and Evening Bell."

Victor Starbuck, poet and attorney, was born at Chuluota, Florida, November 16, 1887. He is now practicing law at Asheville, North Carolina. Mr. Starbuck's volume is "Wind Among the Pines" (1923).

Virginia Lyne Tunstall received her education in private and public schools in the place of her birth, Henderson, Kentucky, and through foreign travel. Married in 1916, she took up her residence in Norfolk where she was active in the work of the local poetry group, serving for a time as associate editor of *The Lyric*. Mrs. Tunstall is a member of the Poetry Societies of America, of Virginia, and of Norfolk. For several years one of the most promising of the Norfolk poets, Mrs. Tunstall has recently moved from that city to Richmond, Virginia. Her first volume of poems, "A White Sail Set," appeared in 1927.

Mary Brent Whiteside, born in Shelbyville, Tennessee. received her education at the Lucy Cobb Institute (Athens, Georgia) and through private instruction and special courses in English at Columbia University. In 1924 she was granted an honorary degree from Oglethorpe University. She is a member of the Poetry Society of America and of the Poetry Society of London. Her book, "The Eternal Quest," appeared in 1925.

Anne Goodwin Winslow, born in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1875, married into the army, her husband being a colonel of engineers. She has, consequently, lived in various parts of the world. Mrs. Winslow did not begin writing verse until two or three years before the publication of her "The Long Gallery" (1925). She has also written literary essays for the *Freeman* and *North American Review*.

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